The Outlook

NOVEMBER 29, 1922

M. CLEMENCEAU'S VISIT TO AMERICA

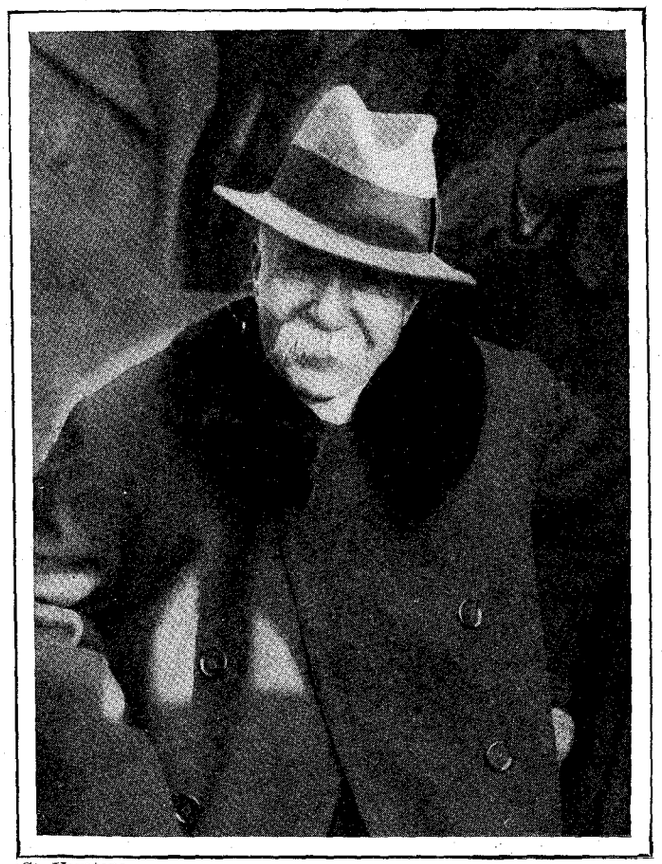
FATHER VICTORY, as Georges Clemenceau was called by his fellow-countrymen, became during the closing months of the war the impersonation of France's will to survive. Now as a visitor to America he remains an impersonation of that spirit. Because we welcome that spirit we of America greet him.

Eighty-one years of age, having served his country during two German invasions, having seen the idea of self-government and civil liberty emerging from the confusion of the rule of Napoleon III take form in the present Republic, having been the joyous warrior of politics for nearly fifty years, having followed throughout the guidance of what has been called by his biographer his "vigilant and apprehensive patriotism," having seen the partial failure of his efforts to safeguard France against the dangers he still apprehended even in victory, he believed that he still had a message from France which America would be willing to hear.

No one who saw him preside at the plenary sessions of the Peace Conference at Paris, heard his incisive decisions, watched his mobile hands gloved in gray, caught his expressions of quick understanding, can doubt his intellectual acuteness, his sense of humor, and his alert will. He has the mind that looks forward.

He is not a stranger to America. Over fifty years ago he lived and taught here for a while. Since his earlier sojourn the sky-scrapers have arisen (not high enough, he says; not near enough to the moon) and the Nation has grown proportionately in extent and in stature.

Almost immediately following his arrival he visited the grave of Theodore Roosevelt. Of course his schedule included a call upon ex-President Wilson and President Harding.



(C) Keystone

CLEMENCEAU ARRIVING IN AMERICA

BUSINESS MEN AND INTERNATIONALISM

WITH the continuing failure of governments to settle by political action the economic problems growing out of the World War, far-sighted business men are beginning to ask whether they cannot do something through the ordinary channels of commercial relationship. The creation of an International Chamber of Commerce is the latest contribution of business men to the movement for world peace and unity. The International Chamber was formed two years ago in Paris to study the great field of economics and trade. It has now become truly international in scope, with a membership embracing nearly thirty nations of North and South America, Europe, and Asia.

The American section is now at work preparing a programme for presentation to the next annual Convention, which will be held in Rome in March, 1923. Mr. Merle Thorpe, editor of the "Nation's Business," which is the organ of the United States Chamber of Commerce, informs us that the American section is engaged in the following work:

It is evolving a basis for a uniform ocean bill of lading.

It has prepared a comprehensive code for international arbitration to eliminate costly and ineffective litigation between business men of different countries, and for the purpose of making this plan effective an International Court of Arbitration already has been named.

It is working on a plan for the collection and dissemination of comparable statistics.

It is about to publish a list of preferred definitions of trade terms used in international transactions.

It is urging the removal of export taxes which are a hindrance to the freedom of trade.

It is committed to a policy of instituting measures for the conservation of fuel and raw materials.

It is urging unification of legislative provisions with respect to bills of exchange and other export problems.

It is calling attention of governments to the burdensome war-time restrictions in regard to passports and visés.

It is making a careful study of the great losses which business men suffer through lack of adequate laws for the protection of international property and for the suppression of methods of unfair competition.

It will suggest remedial measures for the protection of trade-marks, copyright, etc.

It is engaged in drafting a uniform basis for legislation which will remove existing unfair and burdensome tax practices, such as double taxation.

It is hoped that a representative delegation of two hundred leading American business men will attend the meeting at Rome in March. A large group will leave New York about the middle of

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February, and will visit important trade centers on the Continent and along the Mediterranean on the way to Rome.

One of the great advantages of this particular kind of an industrial convention is that its deliberations and recommendations can be reported back to almost every community in the United States through the United States Chamber of Commerce. If the business men of this country can really unite on a few fundamental principles of international economic relationship, they will find Congress very willing to embody their ideas in necessary legislation. The trouble is that up to this time the "business interests" of the United States have been too often more vitally interested in log-rolling on tariffs than they have been in the adjustment of international trade and finance.

GOVERNOR SMITH AND SENATOR COPELAND

If all candidates victorious in the recent election can make as good an impression upon their communities as Governor-elect Smith and Senator-elect Copeland made in New York the other day at a dinner of the Chamber of Commerce, they will enter upon their political duties with the good wishes of all their constituents.

Mr. Smith in beginning his speech, and alluding to the popularity of brevity in after-dinner speakers, told the following entertaining story:

> I remember one day there was quite a hearing in the Assembly Chamber on an appropriation bill to build what was known as the great western gateway between the city of Schenectady and the village of Scotia, and spread around the chamber were a number of maps and engineers' profiles, and big long and lengthy arguments going into hours and hours. And a clergyman came down from Schenectady who, when it was his time to talk, rose and said: "Governor, I am a great believer that short sermons bring large collections."
>
> "Now," he says, "everybody in Schenectady wants this bridge, and if you give it to them you will be helping the city of Schenectady, you will be helping the State, you will be helping the country, and God will bless you for it." And he sat down. When he was on his way out one of the attachés of the Executive Chamber stopped him and said: "Father, that was quite a long speech you made."
>
> "Well," he says, "I heard he was going to sign the bill, anyway."

Governor Smith then proceeded to a serious statement of some of the policies which he would endeavor to carry out when he is inaugurated as Governor. He asked the business men whom he was addressing to support the completion, maintenance, and effective operation of the Erie Canal, which is now known as the "Barge Canal;" to get behind the movement known as the Port Authority for planning and reorganizing the harbor facilities of New York City; to get behind a movement for the inauguration of a sound and effective budget system in the State Government; to support him in his urgency of a reorganization, coordination, and simplification of the government departments in the State; and to urge in connection with this organization "a Constitutional amendment to lengthen the term of the Governor. It is a positive joke to be electing a Governor for this State for two years. Everybody knows it; he is just in there a year and a half when he is running again, and I say this in a very serious way, because I have had the personal experience."

Senator-elect Copeland is a physician, and has been Health Commissioner of the City of New York, from which position he has just been promoted to the United States Senate. He urged a policy of sound hygienic laws for the Federal Government, not only for domestic reasons, but because of the menace of disease coming in from foreign countries. Apropos, he told the following interesting story:

> Last year there came into this port a ship from which the United States Public Health Service landed four persons suffering from pneumonia. They were sent to the Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn. The hospital authorities, becoming alarmed, telephoned me, and I assigned one of the Board of Health experts to see these four cases of pneumonia. Not one of them had pneumonia, but three had well-developed cases of typhus, one of the most dreaded of epidemic diseases.
>
> The ship which brought them here was tied up at the dock and the passengers were on the dock ready to be dispersed through the city and the country. I sent them back on the ship and the ship back to Quarantine for the Federal authorities to reexamine. More careful inspection revealed nineteen cases of typhus on that ship, and a number of the victims died in our harbor.
>
> This experience and the resulting events brought home to me the real attitude of Congress toward National and international health matters.
>
> It seemed to me that such a slip-up must be due to lack of personnel and equipment at Quarantine, so I went to Washington to discuss the situation with the Federal authorities. It was frankly admitted that such a lack existed, and I was told that $500,000 was the sum needed to guard this port against disease from abroad. To my amazement, no request for the money was pending and no plan had been made to ask Congress for the money.
>
> On my demand to know why, I was informed, reluctantly, that Congress looks with unfavorable eyes upon requests for the Public Health Service and treats all its requisitions with coldness.
>
> Determined to have New York and the country protected, I marched over to Congress. Here I was sent from pillar to post, and finally I landed in the office of the Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House, Congressman Good, of Iowa. He listened to my story, but seemed unimpressed. Finally he said:
>
> "Doctor, the trouble with you New York men is that you want a lot of money to beautify your Harbor." My reply was: "I don't care whether you beautify the Harbor or not. I never see it. I don't care whether you protect New York or not—the Board of Health of New York City will do that, but what we are trying to do is to save Iowa."
>
> Immediately Mr. Good lost his listless air.
>
> "Iowa," he shouted. "Do you mean to say that Iowa is in danger of typhus?"
>
> "Certainly I do," I said.
>
> "Well," said Mr. Good, "that's different. Something must be done about it at once."
>
> And Congress appropriated a half million dollars to guard New York Harbor against the admission of foreign disease.

Senator Copeland made an impassioned appeal for the treatment of immigrants in accordance with the laws of humanity rather than the laws of mathematics. He denounced the present three per cent Immigration Law, and said (we think with reason, for The Outlook has long made the same contention) that you cannot admit immigrants to the United States either safely or humanely on the percentage system. Dr. Copeland's expressed views on the immigration problem were so sound that we hope much from his influence in passing reasonable legislation on this complicated and important question when he enters the Senate chamber.

AN EXPERIMENT IN RAILWAY OPERATION

It is useless to blink the fact that there is a very large, and possibly growing, body of public opinion in this country inclined to favor Government ownership and operation of steam railways. At all events, there are thousands of plain, matter-of-fact Americans, neither radicals nor theorists, who are wondering whether the admitted political evils of Government ownership and operation would be greater than the evils which arise from selfish financiering and from conflicts between labor and capital under private ownership. The only practical experience this country has had in Government operation was during the war, an experience not wholly assuring to those who fear the red tape and inefficiency of bureaucracy. Americans who are open-minded on the question, and who wish to learn what is best for the general social and economic welfare without regard to preconceived notions or the dictates of self-interest,

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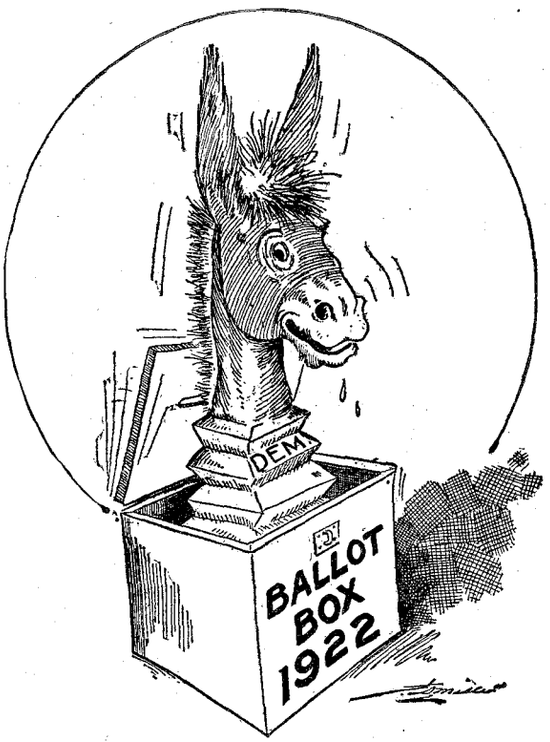
YEA. THE ELECT OF THE LAND

(Henry VIII, Act 2, Scene 4)

Miller in the Denver Post



"JACK" IN THE BOX!!

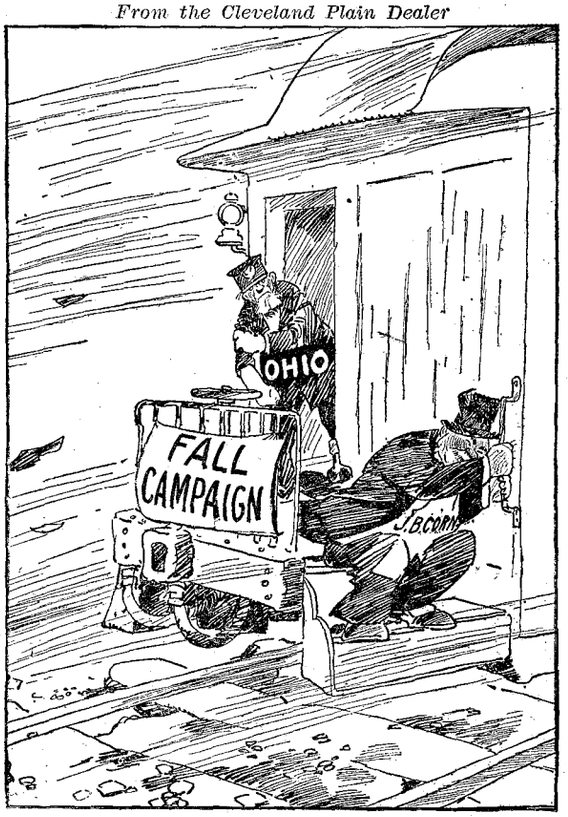
From Huber C. Hilton, Laramie, Wyoming

Hanny in the St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer-Press

MAYBE HE WILL BE A BETTER BOY NOW

From W. K. Collier, St. Paul, Minn.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer



PUT HIM OFF

From W. P. Brown, Cleveland, Ohio

Darling in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat

A CASE FOR CAREFUL DIAGNOSIS

From Rev. Thomas Dyke, Edwardsville, Illinois

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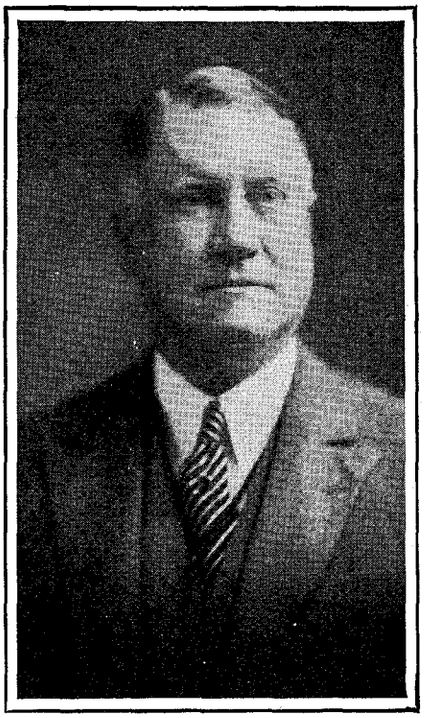
are about to have an unusually interesting object-lesson in Canada.

The Canadian National Railways, Government owned and operated, have a mileage of about 22,000 miles and constitute the largest government-owned system of railways that the world has ever seen. With the railways there is affiliated under the same management a great system of transportation by ocean and inland steamers. The Canadians are a practical people, like ourselves, and, like all English-speaking countries, the spirit of individual initiative and enterprise is the dominant spirit in Canada. Socialism or Communism has never gained any foothold there. But the Canadians have had some unfortunate experiences with privately owned railways, and they apparently propose to see what Government operation will do. Perhaps the best proof that the experiment is not a visionary one is found in the fact that the post of President and General Manager of the Canadian National Railways has been accepted by one of the greatest railway operators in the world, Sir Henry Thornton, now of England, but an American by birth and education.

Sir Henry is about fifty years of age. He was born in Pennsylvania; went to St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire, and the University of Pennsylvania; and entered the engineering department of the Pennsylvania Railroad, where he held various important engineering offices; and finally became General Superintendent of the Long Island Railroad. In 1914 he was called to England to take the managership of the Great Eastern Railway, in which position he made such a striking success that during the war he was called upon by the English Government to have general executive charge of British transportation, both by rail and by water, with the rank of major-general. It will thus be seen that he is no theorist. If he should successfully meet and solve the problems of the relation of Government to railway operation in Canada, his judgment and opinion about the very real and perplexing difficulties of railway transportation in the United States ought to have great weight. Wise men who want to inform themselves about the future development of railways in this country will keep their eyes on Sir Henry Thornton.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT: THE ELECTIONS

THE British Parliament, which assembled on November 20, will enter on its first important task after the formal address from King George when it takes up the ratification of the Irish Constitution. This must be accomplished before December 6. For this reason economic and political legislation will by common consent be held in the background until that immediate task is accomplished. There is little or no doubt that Parliament will see the importance and desirability of carrying out Great Britain's share in the work of establishing the Irish Free State.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY THORNTON, PRESIDENT CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

The Parliament now assembled represents two convictions among the people of the country. One is that Mr. Bonar Law truly represented popular feeling when he argued that what the country needed was quiet and restfulness and that the administration of Lloyd George was too adventurous, too sensational, and too changeable to meet the views of the people—in other words, that a change toward "'normalcy" was eagerly desired. The other conviction that brought about the political overthrow was that of economic pressure; the labor element and the radicals are concerned about unemployment, while the middle classes and the manufacturers are concerned about high income taxes. It is to be remembered, however, that it is by accepting trying conditions as to taxes and employment that Great Britain has been able—to quote Lloyd George's phrase again—to make the pound able to look the dollar in the face; the exchange rate for English money is far stronger than that of France and most other European countries.

The Conservative victory in the elections was so great that the party has an absolute majority over all the other combined elements in the House of Commons. It controls 319 votes as against a total of 296 votes in possible opposition if all party divisions and odd men outside of parties should be combined, which is altogether unlikely. The pro-Coalition Lloyd George members have decreased from 129 to 44. Yet the Conservatives fell far behind on the popular vote; some estimates say that less than forty per cent of the total vote went to Conservative candidates.

PARTIES AND ISSUES

THE most outstanding feature of the Opposition of the new Parliament is that now for the first time the Labor Party becomes the leading Opposition pary. It almost doubled its representation in the last Parliament and now numbers over 120 members. Its present leader is John Robert Clynes, and there is some significance in the fact that a former Labor Party leader, Arthur Henderson, suffered a severe defeat at the polls. Previous to the actual assembling of Parliament there was some question as to who should be the recognized leader of the opposition in the House of Commons. Two precedents seemed to conflict. Usually the leader of the Opposition is the leader of the largest Opposition group; but also usually that man is a former Prime Minister; in this case there are two former Prime Ministers in the House, Lloyd George and Asquith, and the leader of the largest Opposition group is a Labor member. The question was easily and pleasantly settled, however, when, as the members fell in line to enter the House of Lords for the first organization meeting, Mr. Asquith (who as the older of the two former Prime Ministers would take precedence over Lloyd George) stood aside and motioned to Mr. Clynes to join the present Prime Minister, Mr. Bonar Law, at the head of the line.

The notable gain in the Labor Party in size and importance appears to be due, not to its advocacy of a tax levy on capital, which is a radical political proposal still in its infancy, but to the general dissatisfaction of the masses in England with industrial conditions. It does not represent a movement toward limited industrial supremacy, such as exists in Russia; it may be noted that a Moscow Bolshevik organ, while rejoicing in the Labor victory in England as the base of a proletarian offensive against capitalists, remarks: "Frankly, we place no hope on English labor in a revolutionary rôle, as the composition of the party does not inspire confidence."

WINNERS AND LOSERS

THERE were some singular personal results in the elections, due to special feeling about individual candidates rather than to general principles. Winston Churchill, for instance, was woefully

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defeated, standing fourth among his rivals, while the winning candidate was a prohibitionist. Lady Astor was re-elected by a vote of 13,000 after a lively and even bitter contest, throughout which she maintained her reputation for force, originality, and popularity. The election of the famous economist Sidney Webb as a Labor candidate is one of many indications that the English Labor Party is not made up solely of representatives of labor unions. Mr. H. G. Wells, the novelist and historian, was defeated in the London University election.

In the cases of Arthur Henderson and of some other notable defeats the comment of English papers is to the effect that, as a matter of course, a seat will be found for the person defeated. This means that some generous and supposedly less important member of the party who has been elected will resign and that his constituency will be kind enough to elect the defeated man. The technical process of such a proceeding is odd and, to an American, amusing. The defeated member takes "the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds." That is, he accepts a commission as a royal official for the district once known as the Chiltern Hundreds, and, having done this, he can and must resign his membership in Parliament, as a member cannot hold a royal commission of honor and profit. Thereupon some one is elected in his place, and he forthwith resigns his appointment to the Chiltern Hundreds, an office which has no duties, but a nominal salary of twenty shillings, which makes it a "place of honor and profit," and hence is inconsistent with membership in the House, and the office is open for the next member who wants to resign.

(C) Underwood

THE GREEK EXODUS FROM EASTERN THRACE—PRIESTS REMOVING THE FURNISHINGS OF THEIR CHURCH AT LULE BURGAS

EUROPE AND THE NEAR EAST

As the Lausanne Conference on the Near Eastern problem opened there was a strongly optimistic feeling in the press of Europe. It seemed to be the general opinion that the Turks overplayed their hand in making extreme demands in advance. The result, unless all forecasts are mistaken, has been a genuine and positive drawing together of the Allies. Conferences between the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Curzon, and the French Premier, M. Poincaré, have brought about a mutual understanding as to what issues are really important. A new element entered when the Fascisti leader, Mussolini, now Premier of Italy, indicated pretty strongly that he would contend vigorously for equal rights for Italy in determining matters that affect her interests.

We in America are not so much interested in the exact drawing of boundaries as we are in the safety of Europe against Turkish aggression and war, the protection of American citizens and of Christians generally against Turkish, Greek, or Balkan cruelty, and the preservation of trade and commerce.

The exodus from Thrace continues to be a heartrending spectacle. Whatever may be said of the faults of other Balkan nations, none of the non-Turkish races in the Balkan countries are willing to take the risk of fire and slaughter. These peoples in vast numbers are struggling from Western Thrace into Greece. One result is that the Turkish leaders are beginning to clamor for a plebiscite in Western Thrace, evidently believing that, since they have now frightened the Christian peoples away, a Turkish majority might perhaps be obtained.

The two things which are expected to receive most attention at Lausanne are whether Turkey shall be allowed to fortify the Straits and whether the long-established system of the so-called capitulations shall be abolished by Turkey. In the one case Turkey would be free to make closed seas of the waters east of the Straits; in the other, the protection needed by foreigners living and doing business in Turkey would disappear.

The flight of the Sultan from Constantinople on a British ship and the appointment by the Nationalist Assembly of Abdul Medjid to be Caliph (but not Sultan) are important only as indicating the complete ascendency of the Kemalists.

Photo by Abbe

FRANK BACON AS BILL JONES

FRANK BACON, ACTOR

THEORETICALLY the dramatic critic demands of a play that it should at least have reasonable construction and a well-balanced cast of interesting characters; but once in a while there appears a play which defies the canons of criticism and yet deserves the success it wins because of one single character that dominates the play, makes plot and the other players insignificant, and delights audiences, simply because the actor and the part are one. Familiar examples are Joe Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle" and Warfield's "The Music Master." To these must be added Frank Bacon's "Lightnin'." He played the part in New York for 1,291 consecutive performances and had acted it 2,000 times altogether, when in Chicago he was stricken with the heart attack that resulted in his death on November 19.

Mr. Bacon created the part of Lightnin' Bill Jones in a double sense, for he not only played Lightnin', but he in-

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vented and shaped the character in the writing of the play, with collaboration in other parts and in the construction. There have been, we believe, some attempts to produce the play without Frank Bacon in the cast, but it would be an extremely good imitator that could satisfy any one who had enjoyed Bacon's slow drawl, dry humor, cheery optimism, gentle friendliness, and altogether lovable personality. One feels sure that these were qualities of the man as well as of the actor—and those who knew him confirm the impression. His great success followed forty years of hard work as actor and manager. Few actors of our time have given such pleasure to so large a number of people.

ROBIN PLUS DOUGLAS

THERE is always romance in Robin Hood, whether we find him in the old ballads, or Sir Walter's "Ivanhoe," or in the well-known comic opera, or in the remarkable moving picture now being enjoyed by countless thousands. As Douglas Fairbanks plays the rôle, he is part Robin, part Puck, and part "Doug." Robin as thus shown does not quite correspond to the excellent description of him written long since as "the ideal outlaw, courteous, liberal, and reverent." Even in the first part, where Mr. Fairbanks is the chivalrous Earl of Huntington and his agility is for the most part kept under the restraint suited to a champion of the tournament, antics are introduced that are hardly knightly, and this peer of the realm is made to act as if he had never seen a gentle lady before in his life. When he becomes Robin Hood in the forest, he does not act the part; he skips, runs, and jumps it, and always with the engaging grin that gains the affection even of critics. For the skilled and careful work of the actor who lives his part we must look in this film play to Mr. Wallace Beery, who plays the part of Richard the Lion-Hearted, and to Mr. De Grasse, the villainous Prince John. But Douglas is Douglas, and no one at heart wants him to be a great actor.

Dramatically speaking, the play has been constructed with skill; its action carries on; plot and continuity hang together; the spectator does not become listless or uninterested—quite the contrary.

As a brilliant spectacle and as an elaborate attempt to picture twelfth-century people, their costumes, customs, wars, weapons, castles, huts, wealth, poverty, tragedy, and jollity, "Robin Hood" is truly remarkable. The attention to detail is as noteworthy as the setting and the mass movements of soldiers, knights, horses, and crowds. The action is so rapid (often decidedly too rapid) that one really needs to see the play a second time to recognize in full the interest of the details and to appreciate the magnitude of the care and thought that have been given to the production and the designing of this ambitious and almost stupendous drama.

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE JAPANESE QUESTION

THE opinions recently delivered by the United States Supreme Court through Mr. Justice Sutherland in connection with the question as to whether Japanese aliens in this country may have a right to naturalization have a wide bearing on racial as well as legal questions.

There were two cases, but both practically rested on the same questions. We will briefly state the facts in one case. A young Japanese living in Hawaii applied to the United States District Court for that Territory in 1914 for citizenship in the United States. It is interesting to recall what we said at the time, that this man, by name Takao Ozawa, was so well thought of by the white people in Hawaii that many white professional men and business men contributed to a fund to provide expense money for the testing of his right to naturalization. Ozawa was born in Japan, brought to this country as a boy, lived here twenty years, was a graduate of a California high school, and had three years in the University of California. He was married, his children went to American schools, his family attended American churches, and they all spoke English perfectly. The present decision specifically says, "That he was well qualified by character and education for citizenship is conceded."

The Federal District Court of Hawaii denied his petition, holding that as one born in Japan and being of the Japanese race he was not eligible to naturalization. An appeal was made to a Circuit Court of Appeals. That Court took a course quite correct, although not, we think, very common; that is, it certified three questions, which it sent to the United States Supreme Court, requesting instruction. The present decisions form the reply. The Court, so to speak, boiled down the three questions into two. The first was whether the Naturalization Act (1906) was limited by a certain statute published later. The Court makes it perfectly plain that it is so limited, and it is not necessary here to give the technical reasons. The second question is, in effect, whether Ozawa, the appellant in the principal case, is eligible to naturalization under the Naturalization Act so limited. This the Supreme Court decided in the negative.

As the law stands, the naturalization of aliens is limited to "free white persons and to aliens of African nativity and to persons of African descent." The word "free" has now no significance, as there are no slave whites, and the Court holds that the word "free" means non-slave. Therefore, as regards aliens other than Africans, the whole question is what the word "white" means.

The Supreme Court holds that the words "white person" are synonymous with the words "a person of the Caucasian race." This makes the test in any individual case racial. The Court cites many decisions in former cases to the effect that the words "import a racial and not an individual test" and it agrees with the view as fortified by reason and authority. It points out that a color test is quite impracticable.

Having reached this point, the natural expectation of the reader of the decision is that the Court will proceed to define what is meant by the words "a person of the Caucasian race." It does not, however, find it necessary to do that, because the cases before it were of men belonging to a race admitted to be not Caucasian. The Court does, however, go so far as to recognize that the words indicate "a zone of more or less debatable ground outside of which, upon the one hand, are those clearly eligible, and outside of which, upon the other hand, are those clearly ineligible for citizenship."

Our friends in Japan should bear in mind two things about this decision. One is that the highest American Court is here not establishing a new policy but simply interpreting and applying the existing law. The other is that neither the opinion of the Court nor the law which it interprets implies any idea of racial inferiority or superiority.

The law which the Court interprets is in substance nearly as old as the United States itself. Originally it confined naturalization to free white persons. Eighty years later the statute was changed to permit the naturalization of people of African descent. It is obvious, therefore, that the application of this law to the Japanese is simply carrying out a long-established National policy. It is obvious too that the very phraseology of the law forbids the thought that the naturalization of aliens is determined by a theory of Caucasian superiority, for the simple reason that Africans, who are not Caucasian, are admitted to citizenship.

The reason underlying the law as it has stood for generations on the statute-books is to be found in the feeling that

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the differences between certain races are so pronounced that it is better to keep those races separated. These differences exist between the white and black races; but these races cannot be kept separate in America by any naturalization law because of the existence here as native Americans of millions of blacks. These two races, however, can be kept separate from other races by laws which will discourage, if not wholly prevent, the permanent residence here of large numbers of other races, and among these laws are of course laws regulating immigration and naturalization.

The question whether the American people will abandon their aversion to race mixture is for the present at least academic. There is no prospect of any change in their point of view on this subject. If anything appears to be certain, it is the determination of the American people to prevent the settlement here of masses of people of the yellow or the brown race. They have shown that determination by acts excluding the immigration of Asiatic peoples.

The question, however, still remains whether it is wise to exclude from citizenship those Asiatics who have been admitted. The children of these Asiatics born on American soil are American citizens by right of birth. Is it wise to have these American citizens brought up by parents who can never hope to be Americans themselves and who are forced to have, therefore, an alien loyalty? Is it wise, moreover, to have communities composed of people whom the law treats as hopelessly foreign? It is one thing to undertake to keep out those whom the Nation feels it cannot assimilate in mass; it is quite another thing to undertake to render those whom the Nation admits unassimilable.

The law is now unmistakable in excluding Japanese from naturalization If there is to be any change, it will have to be made by Congress.

Fortunately, it does not appear that this question, so far as the Japanese are concerned, is likely in the near future to prove perplexing. If, as the Federal Government assumes, the "Gentlemen's Agreement" reinforced by the present Immigration Law is preventing the incoming of Japanese as permanent residents, the question of the citizenship of those who are here will in the course of a generation or so gradually settle itself. Children born in this country will automatically be citizens, and when the older generation passes the people here of Japanese origin will have no occasion to apply for citizenship papers. Japan as a nation can have no interest in the naturalization question, for she can hardly with reason urge the alienation of her own subjects. Moreover, Japan herself makes the naturalization of foreigners in Japan very difficult. The question is complicated by the problem of dual allegiance, on the principle established and observed that "once a Japanese is always a Japanese."

The United States and Japan can respect each other in no better way than by each respecting the other's rights to define its own citizenship.

THE GREAT FAILURE OF LA FOLLETTE

ROBERT MARION LA FOLLETTE is generally accepted as a leader among liberals. He would be so classed in any country. It is as a liberal that he has impressed his own State of Wisconsin. He more than any other individual is regarded as responsible for the body of legislation in which Wisconsin has been in advance of many, if not most, of the other States of the Union. It is as a liberal that he has impressed the Senate. Indeed, there he is regarded as among the most extreme of the liberals.

If liberalism is defined, as it has been in a book by one of the most self-conscious liberals, Harold Stearns, as "hatred of compulsion," Mr. La Follette can hardly be regarded as any more liberal than others who affect to believe in liberalism; for among the doctrines which La Follette advocates are few which do not involve the exercise of governmental compulsion, and particularly the compulsive power of taxation.

It is the authority to be exercised by Mr. La Follette in the Senate by virtue of his position on committees dealing with taxation and finance, as described by Mr. Barry in an article on another page of this issue, which gives the more conservative Senators concern.

If Mr. La Follette were simply a radical leader as pictured by Mr. Barry, conservatives as well as liberals might welcome his rise to new power. America needs spokesmen for radical opinion as well as conservative; perhaps it needs radical leaders more than conservative leaders because of the natural conservatism of the people and of their institutions. Mr. La Follette, however, has never commanded the confidence or secured the support of the great mass of progressive citizens.

The reason is not because these people of naturally liberal mind differ with Mr. La Follette in opinion; it is because they distrust his judgment and understanding.

For the distrust of Mr. La Follette which has persisted for many years he himself has given good cause. And in no time of his career did he furnish more occasion for such distrust than in the period of National crisis preceding and during the war.

It is said on Mr. La Follette's behalf that his course was directed by his conscience. If Mr. La Follette followed his conscience when he denounced, not the men who blew up the Lusitania, but the people who were blown up; if he followed his conscience when he used his influence to weaken resistance to the aggressive designs of Germany; if he followed his conscience when he permitted appeals to an American electorate to be made on the ground of the interests of alien states wihout denouncing such appeals; if he followed his conscience when he allied himself with those in Wisconsin who have made service to the country in time of war a political liability, then Mr. La Follette's conscience is an unsafe guide.

There were Tories in the time of the Revolution who were conscientious; but the American people did not pick from among them the political leaders for the newly born Republic. There were advocates of disunion and slavery in the North during the Civil War who were conscientious, but the Nation did not pick from among them the leaders to guide it toward union and freedom. Mr. La Follette has placed himself among those who in times of National crisis have failed the Nation in true leadership because they have failed in clear vision.

POETIC PULMOTORS

A PROSPECTUS for a new poetry magazine drifted into The Outlook office the other day. The burden of its song is to be found in the following statement:

> The poetry revival of recent years has done much towards stimulating an interest in the art. This interest, however, has hardly been general, for the revival, it is now evident, was chiefly among the poets and *literati*. As a result, a large number of lovers and patrons of the other arts who should have been reached (and who, it was supposed, had been reached) still remain untouched by the movement.

The analysis of the situation seems to be correct, although the remedy proposed, the establishing of another poetry magazine, hardly seems to us adequate. Poetry, by right of its origin and inheritance, deserves to be as popular and as widely appreciated as music. Indeed, it might well find a larger audience, for the printed poem can reach many places where even the phonograph record is barred because of expense.

Perhaps modern poets themselves are to be blamed somewhat for the lack of general interest in their work. Too

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many of them have been writing for writers, oblivious of the fact that the greatest of literature is that which has in it large elements of popular as well as technical appeal.

Of course those poets who in our own day have reached the largest audience are not necessarily those who are doing the most enduring work. If popular appeal is made the sole test, then Robert W. Service would loom up out of all proportion to his true worth. To ask poets to write for readers rather than writers is not to ask for any lowering of poetic standards. It is to ask them to search for those elements of beauty which are universal, to interpret the general through the particular rather than to treat the particular as an end in itself.

The failure of many modern poets to see life clearly and as a whole is perhaps both a cause and a result of the limitation of the present audience for poetry. Good poetry, both ancient and modern, will come into its own again when there is a more general application of the methods of teaching poetry described by Mr. C. Harlow Raymond in his "Book Table" article in this week's Outlook. There is, we believe, an underlying instinct for poetry which can be awakened and developed if the right encouragement is given.

THE PROHIBITION ISSUE IN A NUTSHELL

PERSONAL liberty ends where public injury begins.

SHERMAN ROGERS.

THE FALL OF THE COALITION IN BRITAIN

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

WITH the fall of the leaf in England has come the fall of the Coalition and the return to party government. Far be it from any one who is more interested in principles than in politics to take part in the conflict of personalities that is now raging over questions about who is responsible for this development, and whether it will be a good thing or a bad thing for the country or for the world in general. The main points so far disclosed are that the watchword of Mr. Bonar Law's party is likely to be "Stability, not sensation," a determination to reduce our foreign commitments in the East so far as they can be reduced with honor, and, possibly in connection with these pronouncements, the fact that the 5 per cent war loan, the barometer of our financial stability, stands steady at 101¼, or thereabouts.

The cause of a political upheaval, like the origin of a war, is always difficult to trace. Each of them can be compared to an explosion in a magazine. It may be easy enough to determine who applied the spark, but if there had not been an accumulation of explosive material there would have been no explosion, and it is never easy to discover the origin of the accumulation. There is no doubt that for the past two years or more there has been a sense of disquietude in this country about the extent of our military commitments, especially in the East. Our foreign policy since the war has been terribly costly to the British taxpayer. Irak, Palestine, and the defense of the Straits have cost us many millions, and in no single case, in these or in other departures in our foreign policy, has any responsible Minister been able to pronounce that our naval and military experts have been consulted about the armaments entailed by the policy that was adopted. Appeals to these "experts" have always been deferred until emergencies, easily foreseen, have actually occurred. We can go further than that. Not only has the armament aspect of our foreign policy been ignored, but events have been viewed with grave anxiety by the General Staff of the army. As soon as the late Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson was relieved of his responsibility as Chief of the Imperial General Staff he said as much in public. It may be asked, "Why, then, did he not resign?" The answer is to be found in the British Soldiers' Bible, the Field Service Regulations. We read there that the strength of forces to be maintained in peace or mobilized for war is a matter of policy, for which the Government is responsible. The War Office is responsible only for efficiently organizing, training, and equipping the forces voted by Parliament.

This sense of disquietude about our foreign policy was undoubtedly one of the explosives which had for some time been accumulating in the political magazine. Our expenditure in Irak was avowedly undertaken to help the new state to make a start, and to fulfill our pledge to the Arabs when, with their help, we destroyed the Turkish armies in 1918. Expenditure in Palestine was undertaken for similar reasons, and also in order to provide a national home for the Jews. Expenditure on the defense of the Straits, which has gone up by leaps and bounds, is due to our having made that business "our charge" under the terms of the Treaty of Sèvres, now a dead letter. All this heavy expenditure, be it noted, was undertaken on behalf of other nations; an altruistic and highly commendable policy, which had the support of the nation until it was realized that the heavy taxation and industrial distress in Britain was largely due to our pouring our money into the sands and seas of the Near and Middle East. Even so, we did not provide enough troops in our Constantinople army to support our proclaimed policy of keeping all armed forces outside the "neutral zones" surrounding the Dardanelles and Bosphorus. It was that which brought matters to a head.

The spark which ignited the magazine that exploded and blew up the "Coupon" Government was undoubtedly the official description of the Government's action that was issued to the press during a fateful week-end in September. We do not even now know who was responsible for the blunder. That it was not made by any permanent official has been established. It must have been made by some Minister more apt to act upon impulse than to rely upon sound judgment. That is a personal matter, of politics rather than of principles. It was against the principles disclosed that the readers of the newspapers of that week-end stood aghast.

Only a few months after dispensing with the services of Indian troops in defending the Straits (a cause which they might not have had at heart) we had appealed to all the self-governing nations of the Commonwealth for aid. Australia and New Zealand responded; the remainder took time for thought, not understanding the issue. This appeal may or may not have been called for; on that there may be differences of opinion. We had also appealed to our late Balkan Allies—Rumania, Serbia (now expanded into Jugoslavia), and Greece (a belligerent in a war in which we had proclaimed our neutrality). It was that procedure, as reported in what claimed to be an official announcement of our policy, that caused the greatest anxiety in the public mind. What happened to that appeal we have never heard. It might, so it appeared, have led to a great war between Turkey (backed by France and perhaps Italy) and Greece, Jugoslavia, and Rumania, backed by ourselves, with the attitude of Bulgaria doubtful. It seemed to the public as if the foreign policy of the Coalition Government had resulted in breaking our Entente with France and Italy, had forced us to enlist the help of the Balkan States, and was landing us in a war in which we had no desire to embark.

Looking back upon the critical weeks through which we have passed, that seems to be the immediate cause of the fall of the Coalition, and with it, in the words of Lord Grey of Fallodon, the passing of something that was not wholesome out of our conduct of public affairs.

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WHAT JAPAN IS LEAVING

I—TSINGTAU

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE

TSINGTAU, the model Foreign Settlement or European city, which the Germans built at the entrance of Kiaochau Bay, Shantung Province, together with the surrounding area which constituted the former German leased territory, will be formally transferred to Chinese officials on Saturday, December 2. The last Japanese troops withdrew from the railway line May 4 and sailed from Tsingtau May 9, their final withdrawal delayed at the request of the Chinese, who in that brisk revolutionary season did not have ready the necessary police to guard the railway and its properties. For the same reason, the transfer of the leased territory was delayed by request after the ratifications of June 2. The treaty provides for the Chinese to take over the railway next March, but the Japanese are anxious to be relieved of it now.

The whole area of the leased territory, the actual ground space over which China resumes sovereignty (200 square miles), is roughly that of the District of Columbia or Greater New York, one-half of one per cent of Shantung Province, all that the Germans leased for ninety-nine years from March, 1898, and all that the Japanese captured by force of arms in November, 1914. Tsingtau, the city itself, cannot be literally "returned" to China, any more than the German-built railway can be "returned," since neither existed until the Germans came and built them. The territory was leased for a definite time, but the town site and the strip of land for the railway up to Tsinanfu, one iron mine, and two coal mines up-country were bought outright from private owners and became German property pure and simple. In the Treaty of Versailles, "Germany renounces in favor of Japan" was the wording of Article 156, which relates to this leased territory, while in Articles 130, 131, 132, and 133 she "waived," "abrogated," and "ceded" other rights, interests, and leases in China to Great Britain, to France, and to China itself.

It was a sorry-looking site for a future city when Prince Henry of Prussia and Admiral von Diederichs held their formal flag-raising on Harbor Hill in March, 1898. There was the shallow, muddy bay, fit for the anchorage of small gunboats only, until a harbor should be constructed, with a bold hill at the southern entrance and a range of barren hills running across the clay plain on the north shore to join the foothills and the Laoshan Range, which formed the east boundary of the leased territory. The surface of these hills and the land has been washing into and silting up the landlocked bay for all the

SHIZUOKA-MACHI, THE MAIN STREET OF TSINGTAU

centuries that the inhabitants have been lopping off the branches and grubbing up the roots of all green and growing things that were not food or forage. The nearly circular bay, about fourteen miles across, shrinks to half that size at each low tide. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries Arab dhows and Cantonese junks came to this bay to trade, and Kiaochau, "the Glue City," had great renown, as also the near-by "Black-Ink City." Kiaochau is now ancient, crumbling, and literally decaying, as its scores of odors loudly proclaim, and is no longer a seaport. It lies eight miles inland from its junk port of Taputau, which is a seaport by the grace of the moon and the tides only. At all other times only slender trickles of sewage meander through the four miles of ooze that the twelve-foot drop of the tide leaves exposed. One reaches Kiaochau City by train, forty-two miles from Tsingtau, although it is only twenty miles in air line. Once within the gates, one goes back ten centuries. During those extraordinary discussions in the Senate over the Versailles Treaty Kiaochau and Tsingtau were hopelessly mixed up, as none of the orators evidently had looked at a map. One of the eloquent raved about "Kiaochau and Tsingtau, those two great ports;" a Versailles delegate spoke of "Kiaochau (the port of Tsingtau);" and there were bulls and breaks of this order past counting. They then took to Shantung, an easier word to pronounce, and it was "Shantung" and "all Shantung" every time they spoke, until they convinced themselves that the Japanese were in occupation of and administering the whole province of Shantung, save for the period that "Shantung Peninsula" had vogue, and the Senate solemnly and unanimously voted their sorrow that "Articles 156 and 157 of the treaty were disregardful of the true rights and deep-seated desires of more than *thirty-six millions of Chinese inhabiting the Peninsula!*" all innocent of the fact that there were not that many millions in the whole province, and that the greater part of the Shantung Peninsula was comprised in the great British leasehold of Weihaiwei and its special zone, and that its people had not been affected in any way by the treaty. There was such a welter of bad geography that it was timely for Clark University to establish a special school of geography at once, declaring us an illiterate people geographically—eighth-grade pupils the whole lot of us.

There stood only a temple to the Goddess of the Sea, a mud fort, a magistrate's house, and the few wretched shelters of some fishermen when the Germans came. The "China Sea Directory" for 1894, a precise and unemotional work, drew a dismal picture of the landscape: "The general appearance of the land about the bay is barren in the extreme; the dry parched soil (yellowish clay interspersed with occasional blocks of granite) has a most uninviting appearance." "The villages were all far back towards the hills, and the fishermen retreated there when the Germans had bought their seashore

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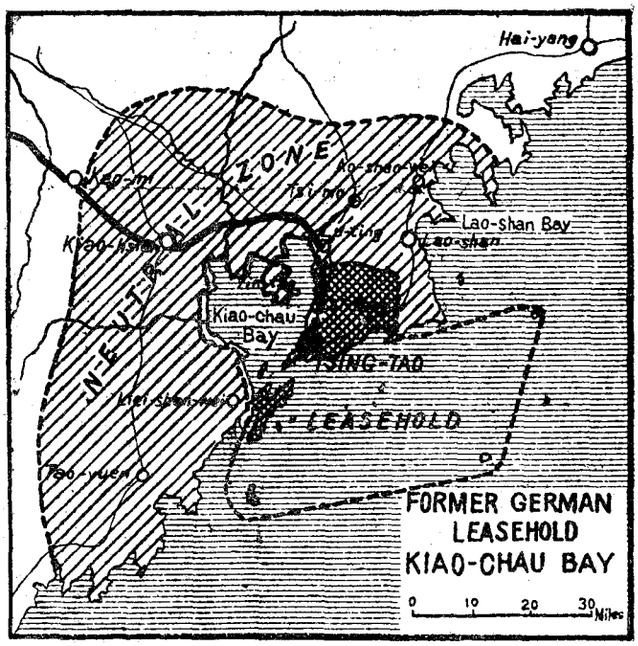

MAP OF THE GERMAN LEASEHOLD AT TSINGTAU TAKEN OVER BY JAPAN AND NOW RELINQUISHED TO CHINA

shacks. The German who took over the magistrate's *yamen* plastered the walls of the inside court and painted there a bold panorama of Tsingtau in its earliest aspect, which remains an interesting record. It had faded sadly by 1914, and the first Japanese occupant called up a painter in the Reserves and had the picture restored.

With a clear plot and no inheritance of old streets, roads, buildings, or slums, the Germans could plan the ideal city. They leveled hills, filled up gullies, reclaimed the foreshore, and extended dry land far out over the old mud flats. The ocean side, facing southward on blue water, was reserved for official constructions and villa sites, with the crescent beach beyond for a bathing resort, summer hotels and villas, park, and racecourse. Within the bay they allotted a quarter for Chinese running back from the junk harbor, and the level land stretching away from the commercial harbor was destined for railway yards, factories, and godowns. They built a mole three-quarters of a mile long to deflect the silt streams from the chosen harbor area of 1 1/6 square miles, dredged out a great harbor with a depth of ten and thirteen meters, surrounded the inner basin with stone docks, warehouses, and railway lines. There were a giant crane and a floating dock, and every modern harbor facility. Twenty million gold marks went to harbor works alone; as much more to the town site its public works and utilities—asphalt streets, macadam roads up to the edge of Chinese territory in every direction, sewers, water-works, electric light and power plants, abbatoirs, ice factories, schools, hospitals, clubs, police and railway stations, villa and apartment houses to shelter German officials and employees, even a sanitarium up on the side of Laoshan. They carved the double-headed eagle deep on the Diederich Stein, the sheer face of Harbor Hill, with a grandiose inscription in German text. More millions of good gold marks went to build twelve forts, on the beach and on the circle of hills around the town, each of granite and reinforced cement, with steel cupolas, underground magazines and labyrinths, besides barracks for one hundred and two thousand men each; forts that were the latest and loudest word in defense until the siege of Liège, since which they are but relics, souvenirs, laughed at as obsolete and antiquated by military men. They built a veritable castle for the Governor-General's residence on a breezy hill-top overlooking town and ocean, and there was violent debate in the Reichstag at the 800,000 marks it cost. But the big spending, the initial outlay, was ended in that first seven years, and there remained only the equivalent of 250,000,000 marks [1] to be supplied by German taxpayers for the annual budget of the purely military and official station. The 1,000 German civilians of the first years grew to 2,500 by 1914, and the garrison of nominally 3,000 men was increased to more than 5,000 when all the Reservists and Austrian ships' crews were gathered there for the siege.

The Germans planted trees and trees and trees all along the water-front, the streets and terraces, and the country roads; trees to the top of every hill and along the dried-up watercourses, and a double line of acacias all the 256 miles of the railway to Tsinanfu, with dense groves around each station house. All the scorching rock faces in the town were concealed by cool green vines and bushes, and rambler roses festooned themselves along park rails by hundreds of yards. In the forest behind the bathing beach there were nursery gardens and a forestry school. There were free seedlings for all and free instruction for Chinese, but only paid employees benefited. The native mind does not yet understand or accept the forestry idea. "If my ancestors never planted trees to leave to me—only trees for their own coffin planks—why should I plant trees just to look green for my children?"

It was a model garden-city suburb worthy of Dresden or Frankfort. I had seen it in its earliest years, when it was only a harbor and a skeleton of its ground plan, and its future trees were all tied to sticks, and again in an intermediate stage. By 1914 it was the completed dream, the perfect thing, and all Teutons, blatantly, chanted of this monument to German *Kultur*. The Prinz Heinrich and the Strand Hotels were the best on the China coast, and there were forty-two miles of motor roads. There were direct Norddeutscher Lloyd steamers to Europe every fortnight, and fast trains with sleeping and dining cars took one to Peking in twenty-four hours, and to Pukow, on the Yangtse, in the same time, for connection with Nanking and Shanghai. Two military bands played and a thousand foreigners strolled on the beach each summer morning, and it was *Deutschland über alles* surely. There was always the grand idea in each German head, too, that that double line of acacia trees would follow the twin rails on and on, across all Asia to junctions at Bagdad and Berlin *und Weltmach!*

Then all the world went to war, and the ultimatum of the Emperor of Japan, August 16, 1914, numbered the days of German Tsingtau. The port was blockaded, the railway was cut, and the Kiushiu regiment, landing at Laoshan Bay, was joined by the British contingent—800 Wales Borderers and 800 Indian troops under Col. Barnardiston—who fought with those Satsuma soldiers up over the rear slopes of Laoshan to the destroyed sanitarium and down to unite with the main Japanese forces (30,000 men of all arms) advancing along the railway line to the final assault. This was the "British army" of which the Senators ranted and blamed equally for "the conquest of Shantung." The graves of eleven British soldiers killed before Tsingtau have places of honor in the little English cemetery on the road to the water-works. The tablets of 1,214 Japanese killed before Tsingtau are preserved in a memorial temple on a hill near the reservoir. That Tsingtau campaign was a military promenade—mere "autumn maneuvers" the stay-at-home officers called it—a methodical affair, carried out exactly as prearranged in the war games at the military college, a parallel to the French battle of the Couronne at Nancy.

The Japanese had to repair, restore,

[1] This figure seems excessive. Our information puts expenditures for 1914 at $4,762,000, of which $2,015,000 came from local revenue.—The Editors.

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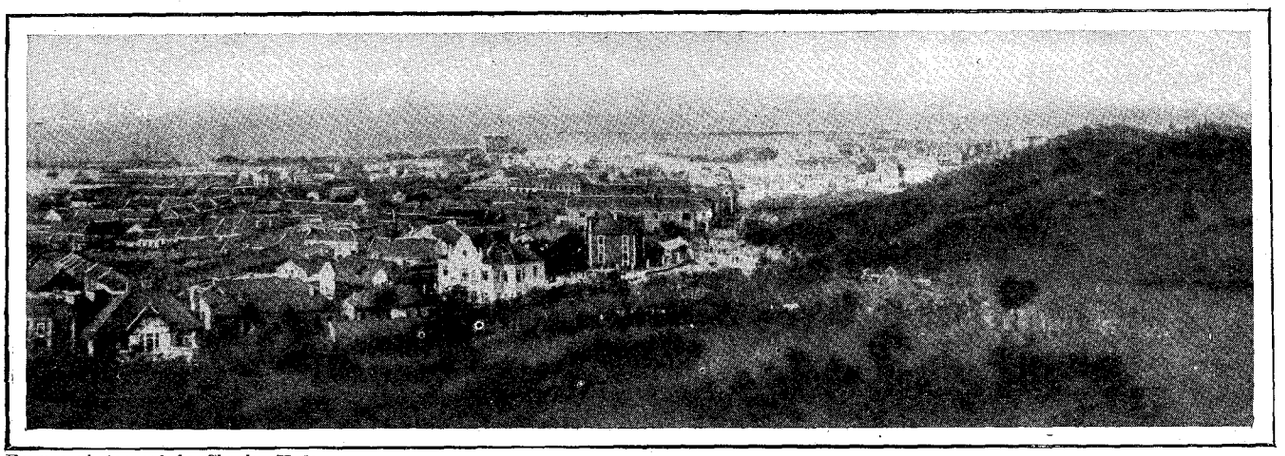

From a photograph by Charles Hodges

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE MODERN CITY OF TSINGTAU CREATED DURING THE GERMAN AND JAPANESE OCCUPATIONS

and reconstruct everything on the face of their new inheritance. The ravages of war were obliterated within a year, and the model settlement was made to blossom with more rambler roses and more thousands of cherry trees on top of the prophetic gift of a thousand cherry trees to the new park by Marquis Komura in 1905. They literally made two of everything grow where one had grown before. They cut a record of their victory on the face of the Diederich Stein, the line of Japanese seal characters chiseled straight down across the swelling breast of the double-headed eagle. They built schools, hospitals, and a much-needed market house, literally miles of dwellings and factories, extended roads and sewers; and, after repairing the wrecked water-works, constructed a new water station on the boundary of the territory that doubles the supply. One sees no water at either the old or the new water-works, only the reverberation under a motor's wheels telling that one has left the flat macadam road and is running over a stone-paved dry river-bed, which becomes a roaring torrent when clouds empty themselves on the barren hillsides. A row of gigantic steel buttons on the bank are the tops of artesian wells, from which the powerful electrically driven machinery sucks the water, and forces it to city reservoirs.

Tsingtau has been a happy refuge for retired Chinese officials to enjoy their fortunes in safety. Prince Kung and other Manchus fled there after the revolution that ended the Empire, and, although they retired to Tientsin during the siege, they were glad to return and enjoy law and order under the Japanese flag. The present transfer to Chinese control may be a dilemma for them.

Count Otani, former lord Abbot of the Hongwanji Temple in Kyoto, was another distinguished recluse, and Russian refugees of the better class, relics of the old Court circle, found asylum too. In the summer of 1920 the Italian aviators in their Rome-Tokyo flight made a long repair stop at Tsingtau, and held aerial high jinks over the beach and bay every day. Also came Mme. Semionoff—one of the Mme. Semionoffs rather—down from Chita, with mountainous baggages to this haven of safety. Dark-haired, vivacious, well-gowned and jeweled beyond all reason, she distinctly added to the international gayety. Her ropes of pearls and great rings to each finger joint were enough to make a burglar die of coveting, while often at night a monstrous sapphire would flash blue fire and electric wings across the dining-room—a jewel as unique as the Czarina's great hexagonal emerald which made Rue de la Paix gasp last summer, and very possibly from the same august jewel-box.

There have been more than 20,000 Japanese resident in Tsingtau these eight years—officials, great and petty merchants, and lesser folk—all enjoying the summers but shivering at the mention of the long, hard, cruelly cold winters. Officials of the Colonial and other offices have been waiting in Tsingtau from year to year for relief, for the war to end, for the treaty to be made and ratified, and for the Chinese to begin negotiations. Half their children are at home—"with his grandmother in Tokyo," "with my sister in Osaka," and other relatives in the home islands—for schooling. When the Germans had turned over the Tsingtau records and archives in Berlin in February, 1920, all these were sure of going home before the autumn. But the Chinese flatly refused to open negotiations for the territory they were wailing to possess, for the country was in the midst of the so-called Students' Movement then, and passionately patriotic youths and very young school-children were screaming in street processions, raiding shops, and making bonfires of any one's Japanese goods, and having the time of their lives. No Chinese official dared risk his head by discussing things with the Japanese then, and a Shantung Governor who told the children to attend to their school-books, and their parents would attend to public policies, promptly lost his job. But for the Washington Conference they would still be howling for "Shantung," as they too came to call the little leased territory, and at the same time refusing three times over requests to name negotiators and begin work to that end. German property-owners began to gather immediately after ratifications in 1920, and tourists like myself, scenting a possibly picturesque ceremony, were in Tsingtau in May and June, but to no account.

There have been more Chinese in Tsingtau of late than in German days—20,000 resident and 20,000 floating population—drawn first by the great demand for labor in reconstruction after the surrender, and since employed in the many industries and works instituted by the Japanese. The Chinese quarter was hardly their very own, or run in their way ever. Their houses had to be built according to German specifications, whitewashed, numbered, and, in the early morning only, ornamented with neat garbage-bins. There were sanitary regulations savagely enforced, inspections without cease (no evasions were possible), and there were always the fines, the big stick, the mailed fist, and the German language! The Chinese saw the sad joke, and hoped for some respite from the new masters; but, alas! the Japanese were madder about sanitation and smells than the others, and could think up a lot of things the Germans didn't know. The newcomers built a market house and shooed them and their baskets of produce in off the curbs; and built tenement-houses at smallest rentals to reduce the crowding; and big barracks for the thousands of laborers passing through the port at the seasonal exodus to and return from Manchurian bean fields. No more sleeping as the coolie might please, on docks and railway tracks, in parks and doorways. No slums, no open mud wallows, were permitted; no cesspools or garbage heaps at back or front doors. No dead animals or mangy dogs could lie in the streets, no drying skins and heaped entrails from household slaughtering could cumber the principal streets, as in happy Kiaochau City across the bay. A charity hospital for Chinese gathered in as many extraordinary and unknown cases as in any part of China. Some success attended efforts at compulsory education and playgrounds were provided for

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street children. Rows of granite flagstones were laid at either side of the immaculate street pavements, and iron-shod cart wheels and knife-edged wheelbarrow wheels soon learned to keep to those stone runways strictly. Even the wheelbarrow's shriek was silenced by municipal order. Chinese police saw to it that municipal flower-beds were respected, and a municipal millennium had arrived. Germans and Japanese have set a high civic standard, and the Chinese should respect its traditions and keep Tsingtau the perfect thing, the model city of the Far East.

II—SHANTUNG

BY CHARLES HODGES

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF THE DIVISION OF ORIENTAL COMMERCE AND POLITICS, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

MAP AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

AFTER a battle royal, in which Japan's capture of the key to North China from the German leaseholders at the opening of the Great War was but the first skirmish of a struggle that extended from Far Eastern Foreign Offices and the Versailles Peace to the Washington Conference itself via the American Senate, the Japanese are evacuating the prize of Kiaochau.

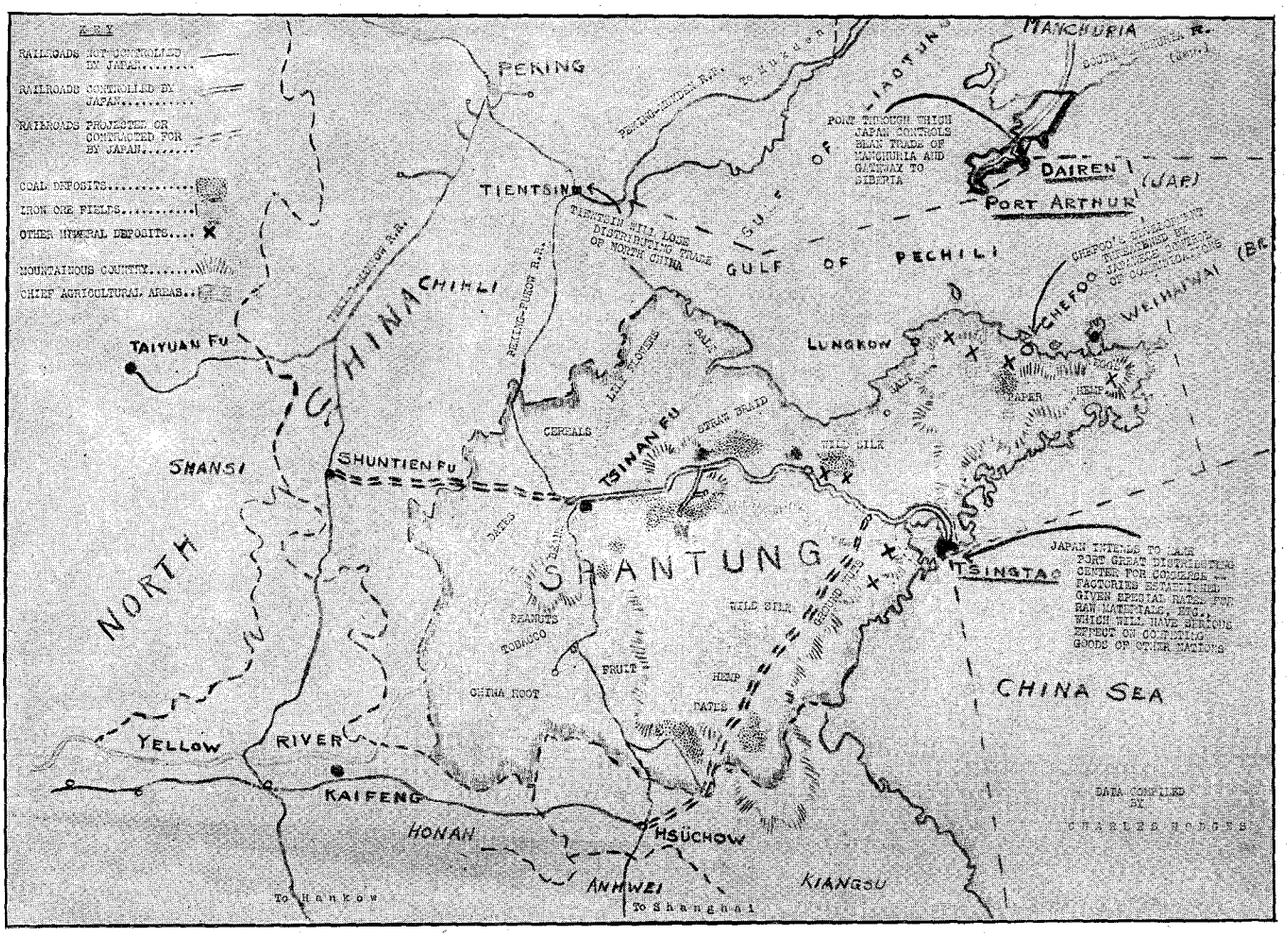
The international hue and cry over the question of Japan's control of Shantung was not raised merely because of the leasehold of Kiaochau Bay and the charming Teutonic-Nipponese watering-place of Tsingtau. Japan did not have to "own" the 55,984 square miles of Shantung Province or govern some thirty millions of Chinese packed 550 to the square mile in order to control its future. That was a matter for what statesmen call "economic imperialism"—to all intents and purposes conquest by railway, bank, and business diplomacy.

When the German Empire occupied this corner of the old Middle Kingdom during the "battle of concessions," ostensibly as reparations for a missionary outrage, it was for the very purpose of effecting the economic penetration of China. The object of Japan was the same, and was clearly evidenced from the first days of the Great War. It was to make out of the privileged position so easily seized from the Germans in Shantung a new Japanese preserve that would have affected the future of all North China. Japan had done this once before in the case of Manchuria, just across the Gulf of Pechili from Shantung.

THE ECONOMIC STAKES

When the Japanese military occupation of the German interests in Shantung was completed in 1914, the tangled skein of hard-handed diplomacy, business, and a new nationalism in the East was brought before the world for unraveling.

The 400 square mile leasehold, including Tsingtau engirded by the 2,500



A MAP PREPARED BY THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE IN 1919, SHOWING THE POINTS OF STRATEGIC INTEREST FROM THE ECONOMIC STANDPOINT INVOLVED IN THE OCCUPATION OF THE SHANTUNG PENINSULA BY THE JAPANESE

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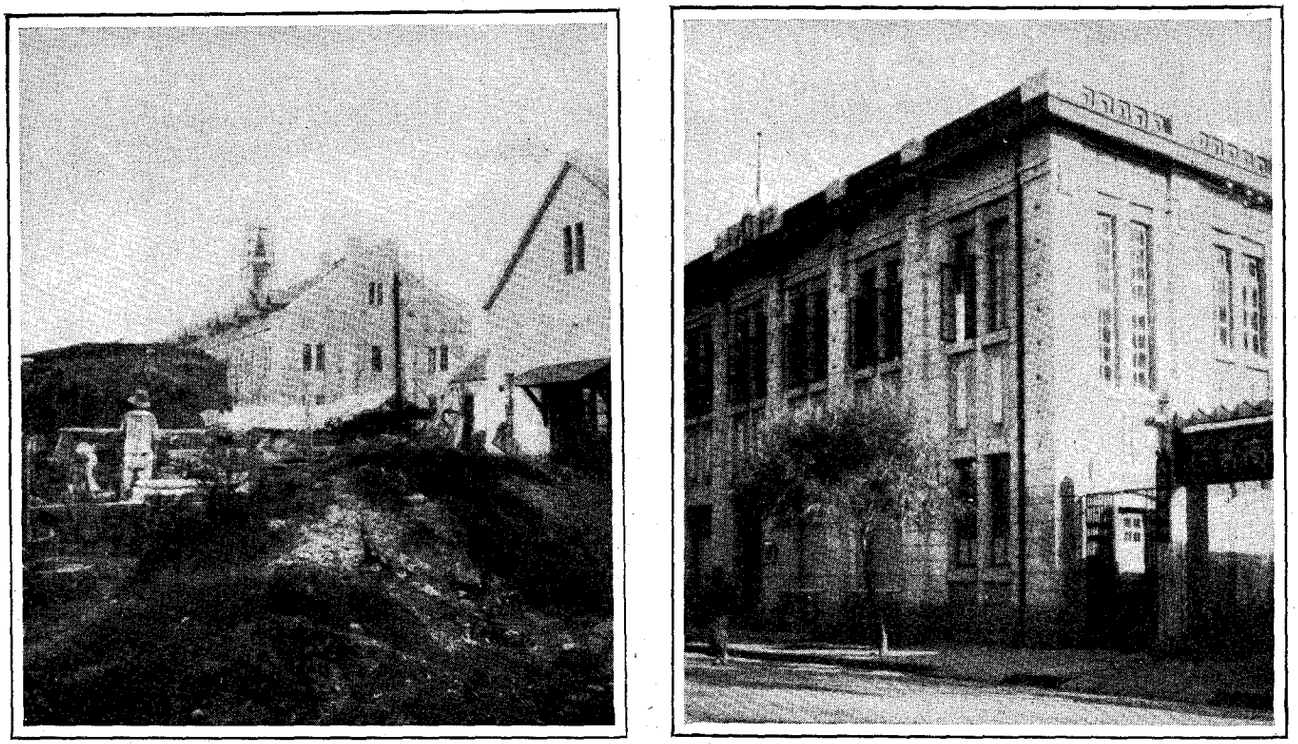

BUILDINGS CONSTRUCTED BY JAPAN IN THE HEART OF THE SHANTUNG PENINSULA, 250 MILES FROM TSINGTAU. THESE REPRESENT (LEFT) THE MILITARY BARRACKS AND (RIGHT) THE JAPANESE BANK AT TSINAN, THE CAPITAL OF SHANTUNG PROVINCE

square miles of neutral zone about Kiaochau Bay, does not tell the whole story. The lodestone drawing the Mikado's land into the Shantung adventure consisted of (1) coal deposits much overrated; (2) iron resources of considerable magnitude; and (3) new commercial opportunity promising to relieve the pressure in part on Japanese industrialism. An accurate understanding of the Japanese stakes here would include, therefore, a 256-mile shoestring of railway stretching from the city of Tsingtau as the railway terminus and harbor to Tsinan, the capital of the province, where the hinterland of North China could be tapped by existing connections with the Chinese Government trunk line running north and south—which were to be fortified by subsequent concessions.

Japan, it must be remembered, occupied this railway zone from the sea to the interior as though it were Japanese territory. A gore ten miles wide was driven through the heart of Shantung, the only modern communications within the province itself being garrisoned, policed, and politically administered with Japanese civil courts along the railway and its branches to the mines. Within the full extent of the zone, the Japanese succeeded to all the special rights of exploitation wrung by the Germans from China in 1898, and even revived many concessions voluntarily relinquished by the latter prior to the World War.

DIPLOMATIC FORTIFICATIONS

The present settlement has been reached only because one by one various agreements upon which, as diplomatic fortifications, the Japanese depended for their tenure in Shantung have been broken down.

The recession of Japan's position is marked by four stages. First, Japan forced on the Chinese the ill-advised Twenty-one Demands of 1915 as an ultimatum to stifle diplomatic efforts to oust the Japanese from Shantung, leaving the Mikado's land for practical purposes master of the situation. Second, not satisfied with either the secret treaties of 1917 under which the Allies assented to Japan's programme or the grip on China developed during the Great War, Japan maneuvered the Peking Government in 1918 into two new agreements. These marked a turning-point in the Japanese policy. On the one side, they strengthened the grip of Japan on Shantung through new railway rights. On the other side, they yielded to the Chinese the military control and civil administration of the existing railway. Third, the Peace Treaty signed at Versailles gave everything to Japan with the unwritten commitment that she was eventually to restore Chinese sovereignty while retaining material economic advantages. Fourth, the negotiations just consummated to carry out the provisions of the Washington Conference settlement provided for a retrocession to China of political control exercised by Japan; the nationalization of the disputed railway communications; the turning of the strategic extensions over to "an international financial group;" the surrender of the original German cables, the Japanese wireless stations at Tsingtau and inland at Tsinan, and public properties; and Japan's renunciation of "all preferential rights" claimed from Germany.

THE REAL MEANING OF THE SETTLEMENT

The significance of the Shantung settlement cannot be overestimated. Japan, it is true, gains material and moral compensation for doing the right thing; but China assumes obligations which she has yet to prove her ability to meet.

Japan has accepted a foreclosure of public opinion East and West upon her actions. They involved the perpetuation of the old order in the Orient, a breeder of war through militant political and business aggression from a dangerous use of military power. In this picture of the outcome of a bold bid for a new dominion in the Far East there is no hostility toward the Japanese people. Yesterday Japanese statesmen perhaps had reason to think this was the surest way to prosper the Mikado's land. Today those in the high places of Tokyo wisely sense the costly futility of the whole approach to position in the East based upon international ill will and distrust. These leaders of Japan, shaking off the burden of War Office diplomacy, are realists in world politics still; but they understand that the politics born of the Great War have been far too costly to serve further useful ends.

Great as has been the lesson of Shantung to China of the dangers of national backwardness, it has meant far more to Japan. Disillusioned as to the dividends from abuses of national strength, awakening from the alluring dream of empire, workaday Japan is now bent on capitalizing the more certain returns from neighborly friendship and confidence.

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(C) Keystone

VISCOUNT CAVE LEAVING THE LAW COURTS IN LONDON, AFTER BEING SWORN IN AS LORD CHANCELLOR

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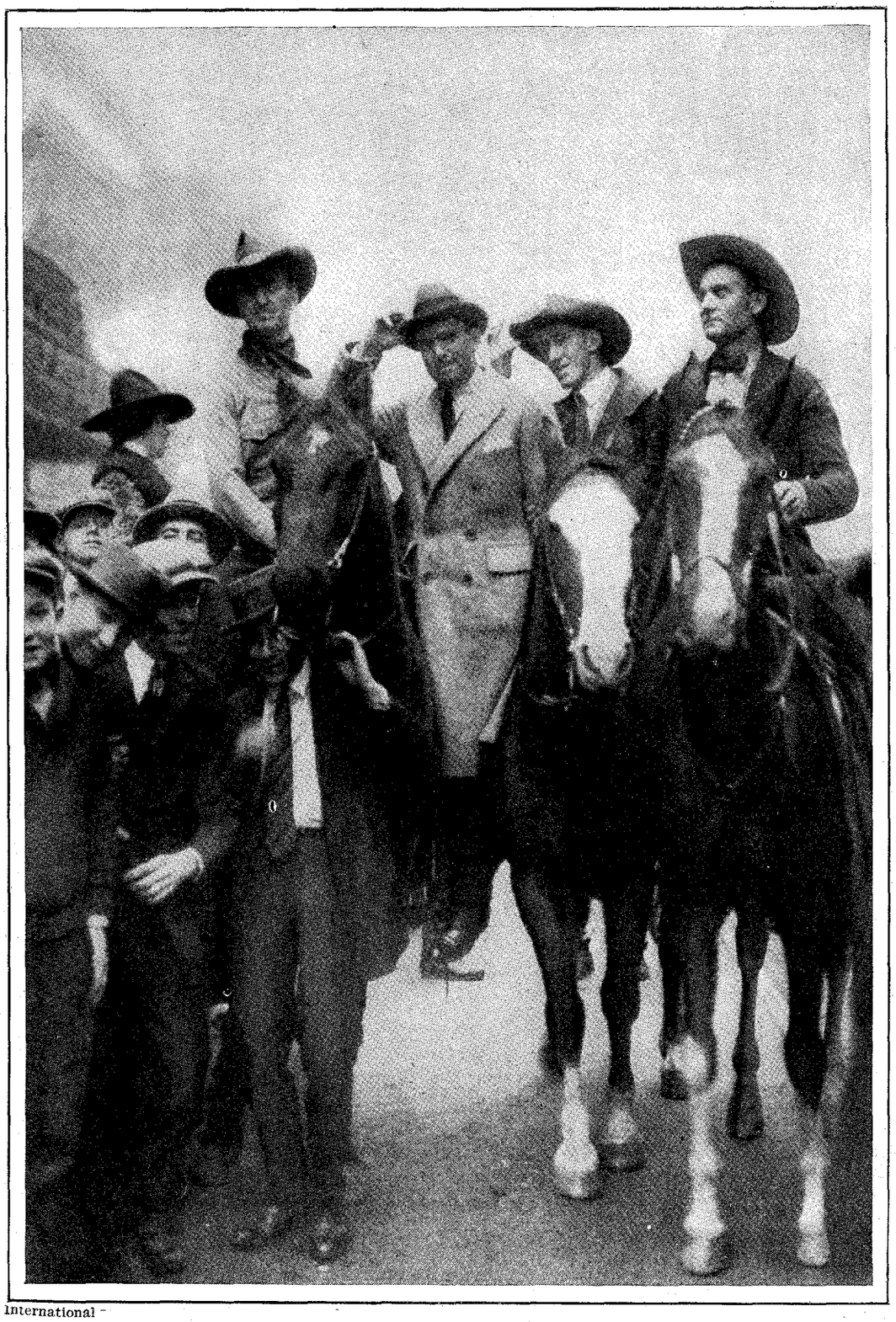
HEADGEAR



International

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS BEING "PICKED UP" BY WILD WEST RIDERS FROM THE RODEO AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IN NEW YORK CITY

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A RADICAL IN POWER: A STUDY OF LA FOLLETTE[1]

BY RICHARD BARRY

AN impression prevails that La Follette's political apogee was reached in 1912, when he seemed to be a stone's throw from the Presidency. On the contrary, he is only now, ten years later, approaching the peak of his political power, which will reach a very high curve beginning March 4, 1923.

In the next Congress no man will have greater potential influence. In the field of economic legislation, the most important with which Congress has to deal, it will be extremely difficult to put anything through against him, and whatever he desires to originate will have a high chance of success.

In fact, for the coming six years Robert M. La Follette will be practically the American Chancellor of the Exchequer—if we had such an office. It sounds absurd, considering his policies and his record. To many it may sound alarming. But it is true.

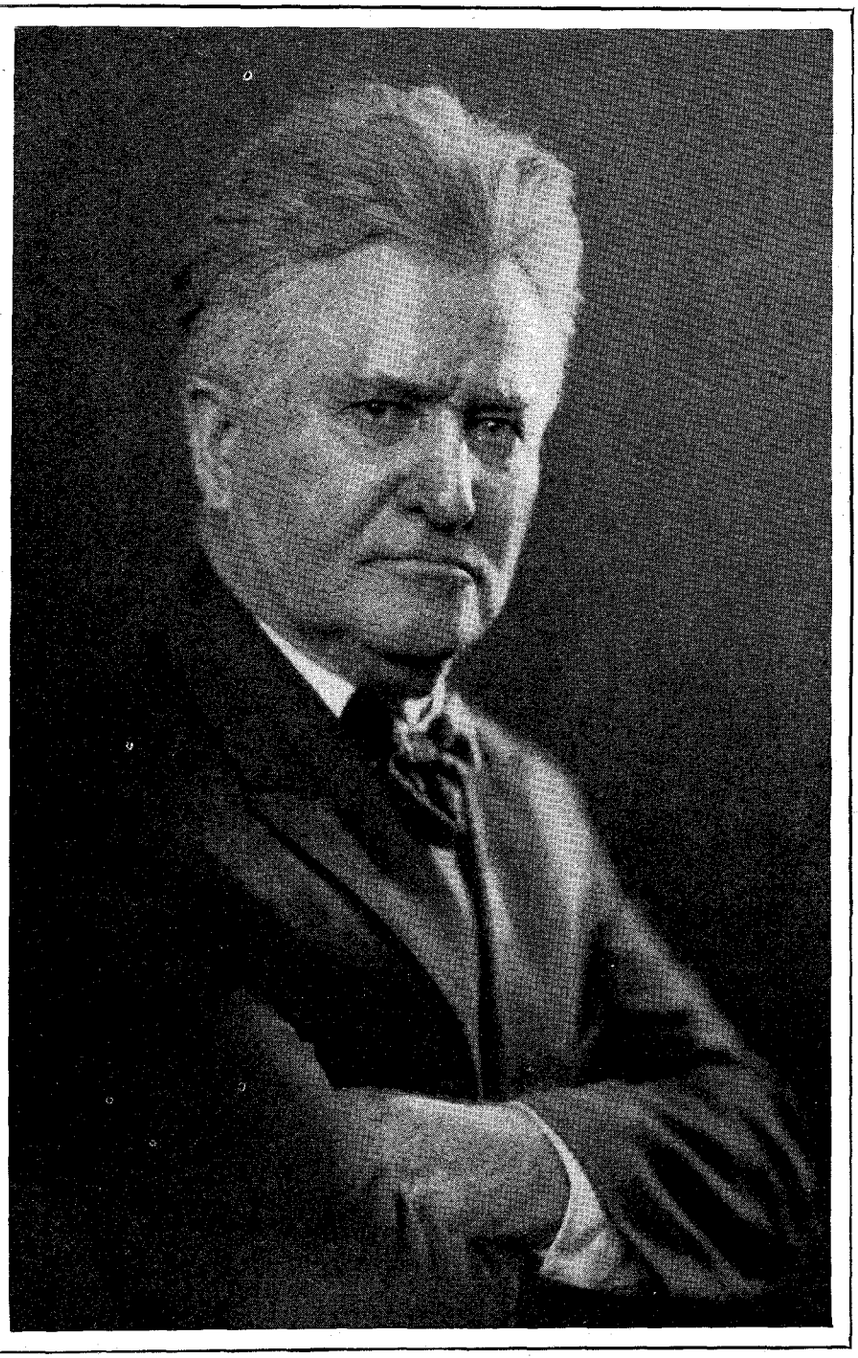
This is not primarily because La Follette is La Follette—one of the most vital and consistent political economists in public life anywhere in the world. It is not only because the late elections have given the balance of power in Congress to the radicals. Yet each of these causes enters into the result.

La Follette will be the new arbiter of American economic legislation through the operation of the rule of seniority in the United States Senate.

Months ago, anticipating the results of this election, I asked Lenroot what would happen in such an event. Would La Follette be permitted by the Senate to rise to the place of Smoot and Townsend? "Never!" he exclaimed; "the rule of seniority will be first abrogated." I asked Smoot the same question. "It is possible," said he. It is likely that Lenroot's certainty has been modified since November 7.

This apparition of the intense noncompromising radical in the seats of the mighty is not a new one in the sight of history. It is one of the commonplaces of political evolution. Yet it never fails to startle its contemporaries. And the American public is going to be startled when it sees La Follette next to the former seat of Aldrich and of Penrose.

Consider the situation. La Follette, ending eighteen years in the upper house, is now the third member of both the Inter-State Commerce Committee and the Finance Committee. These two committees, with the Committee on Appropriations, control economic legislation. As appropriations concern only expenditures, practically all creative policies affecting the economic life of the country originate either in the Finance or in the Inter-State Commerce Committees. Committee chairmen, together with ranking members of the majority party, as the Senate is organized and operates, practically dictate legislation.



(C) 1922 John A. Glander

"FIGHTING BOB"

This portrait of La Follette helps us to understand the fact that as a young man he wrote to Booth and offered a suggestion to the latter as to an improvement in his histrionic technique

In the present and the last Congresses La Follette has been a constant menace to the conservative Republican leaders, yet he is only the third member of the two important committees. To prevent his entering the conference committee on the Tariff Bill—this is the solar plexus of Congress, for it is here that all tariff schedules are really written—the former rule taking in the *three* ranking majority members of the Senate Finance Committee was changed to take into conference with the similar committee (Ways and Means) from the House only the *two* ranking members.

But they can't keep La Follette out of conference in the drafting of any economic legislation in the next Congress, for McCumber's defeat in North Dakota will advance Smoot to the chairmanship of the Finance Committee and will make La Follette the ranking member. And in conference there must be at least one of the minority, so the majority will have to be represented by at least Smoot and La Follette.

[1] See editorial comment on La Follette on another page.

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What a joining of forces—Smoot and La Follette; ultra-conservative with ultra-radical! The two have but one trait in common—industry. The only rival Smoot has in the Senate for hard work is La Follette. The only man in the upper house who keeps his nose on the grindstone like La Follette is Smoot. By similar sticking-at-it these two beavers have each gnawed a way into the inner citadel of prestige and power; they are as far apart in conclusion on all major economic policy as the negative and positive electrodes of a battery, yet over each flows one ægis, the Republican banner.

A complex government!

So delicate, so complex, that it is the solid apparition of this same La Follette which presents the distinguished, able, and adroit Senator Smoot with the hardest problem of his life. Smoot's problem is twofold. Through the withdrawal of Warren he advances to the chairmanship of the Committee of Appropriations, a place for which no man is better suited, one which fits his talent and temperament exactly, one from which the Republican leaders will deeply regret to see him go.

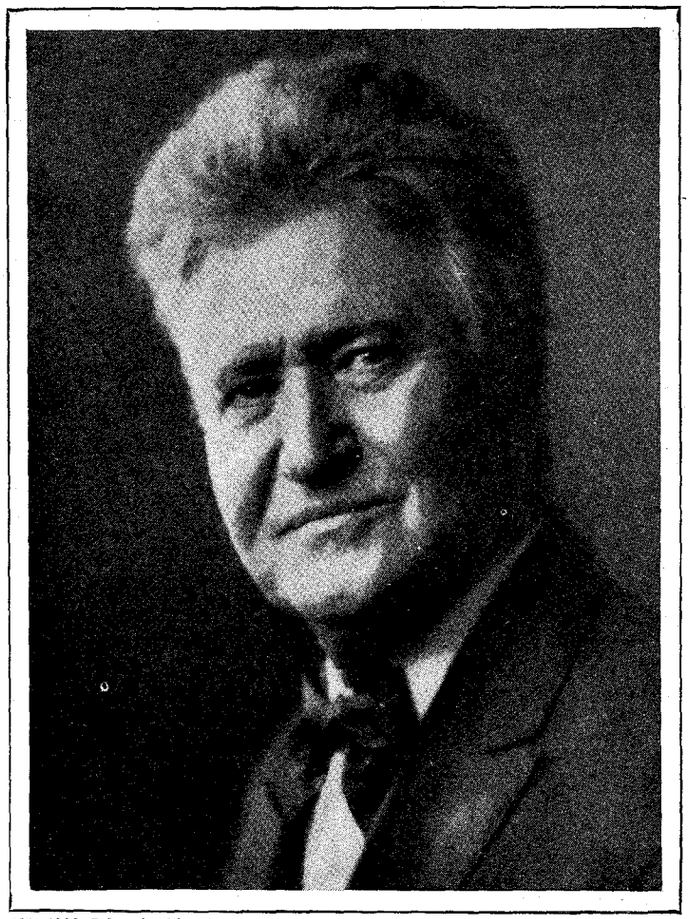
Yet the rule of the Senate is that no man may hold at the same time the chairmanship of two major committees, and the defeat of McCumber advances Smoot to the chairmanship of the Finance Committee, and, however much he may desire to relinquish that, he would not dare to do so, for doing so would automatically advance La Follette to the chair.

This is not his gravest problem. Smoot is next in line for the Presidency of the Mormon Church, an office which any good Mormon considers the most exalted on earth. The President, Heber Grant, is very old, and likely to die at any moment. If Smoot were ready to take the Mormon Presidency, Grant would probably resign immediately.

Smoot's affairs, however, concern the present consideration only indirectly, although they reveal what a thin line holds La Follette from chairmanship of the Finance Committee of the Senate, the place Penrose said he would not trade for the Presidency, the job Aldrich always believed to be the most desirable in the Government. Even though not in the chair, being next to it gives him a veto power over its acts.

There is a similar thin line between La Follette and the chairmanship of the Inter-State Commerce Committee, wherein the railway problem, chief among others, will have its most effective consideration in the immediate future. Only the time between now and March 4 next, his own resignation or death, or the abrogation of the seniority rule, can prevent La Follette from taking the place now held by Townsend, of Michigan, the ranking majority member, who, against every expectation, is defeated.

This is the situation, these are the facts doubtless uppermost in the mind of Senator McCormick, who seeks, with others, to abrogate the seniority rule and who appeals to Lodge, titular leader, for assistance. It is clearly within its power for the Senate to abrogate the seniority rule. But will it do so?



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"OUR BOB"

The smile that gains a thousand votes

To abrogate that rule not only would take La Follette from his ranking membership in the Inter-State Commerce Committee and in the Finance Committee, but it would also depose Borah from ranking membership of the Foreign Affairs Committee, Norris from the chairmanship of the Agricultural Committee, and Johnson from the chairmanship of the Patent Committee. Perhaps Johnson, but not Borah or Norris or La Follette, could be reconciled.

No. The Senate, perhaps with internal grumbling, and perhaps to the dimming of the Republican record, will not become so radical as to unseat the radicals in the name of progressivism.

Observe, then, the irony and the fatality of La Follette's approach to his political zenith; now, as always, opposed by the majority of his party, a voice in the wilderness, a pioneer in legislation, the man far in front, and yet concretely a builder; a "visionary" triumphant with realized statesmanship!

In the Republican National Convention of 1908 (I choose one thread of thought to dramatize his career) La Follette presented a minority platform rejected by the Convention. Of its thirteen planks twelve have since become law. No matter. In 1908 the Republicans couldn't see them. One of the planks rejected by that Convention was the direct outgrowth of a decade of legislative work in Wisconsin at a time when, in the words of Roosevelt, that State was "the political laboratory of the Nation." It called on Congress to give to the Inter-State Commerce Commission initiative in examining and in establishing freight rates.

Twelve to fifteen years ago the country was upset over this issue, yet it was but a rivulet to the main stream of a mighty reversal in American policy to which La Follette was then, as now, committed—Government ownership of the railways.

In the election of 1922 he was still contributing rivulets to this stream. He contended specifically in Wisconsin for a law compelling corporations to make public their income statements and tax returns. He won, but only after a four-year fight.

These two incidents may be connected with a thread on which can be strung the principal tenets of La Follette's political faith. Thus we may clearly see the base both of his principle and his policy. He wants Government ownership of all natural monopoly. That is his ultimate goal. But he will accept anything, adopting much, inventing more, that will even faintly approach his goal.

In 1923 (probably) he will be ranking member of the Senate Committee on Inter-State Commerce, and as such entitled to a seat at every conference, with a practical veto power (in conjunction with the Democratic minority) over all

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suggested legislation within this purview. Succeeding Townsend, he will be pledged (*a*) to a repeal of the Esch-Cummins Law; (*b*) to a revision downward of freight rates; and (*c*) to full publicity for every fact concerning railway ownership, value, cost, and management.

How near is he approaching his goal? To some extent, certainly; but how near?

When to the Republican National Convention of 1920 he submitted a minority platform (rejected, of course, just as were his in 1908, 1912, and 1916), a derisive shout went up at his sheer audacity in calmly demanding that the Government take over *in toto* all meat-packing plants and allied industries. "Allied industries!" What did that mean? Why, groceries, naturally. That would mean grains, cereals, fruits, sugar—everything eatable.

Most of the Republican delegates merely gasped. They hardly even took him seriously. Why, he was as bad as a Socialist, they said. True, only he was worse. The Socialist party of Wisconsin refused to indorse him, on the ground that he was too radical for them.

The ordinary Republican could not think beyond this point. Relief was sought and found in the report that La Follette was "crazy." This talk went around like a prairie fire. Men of the highest reputation and of the most respectable character have said to the writer (in confidence, as though consumed with pity), "You know La Follette is pathologically crazy." One told me that he had a doctor's report confirming this, a report alleged to be based on examination during La Follette's retention in a sanitarium for treatment for mental lesion. But this same man once told me that Henry Ford's family intended to apply for a guardian for him.

What are the facts about La Follette's sanity? Poetically, they may be stated in the words of Dryden:

> Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

La Follette, who, from the standpoint of economic legislation, is the outstanding political genius of his time, often pushes his point with such desperation that his frenzy appears irrational—surely so to an opponent.

Practically he is sound as a nut. His devoted followers of the Wisconsin hustings, who have returned him to the United States Senate by an almost unanimous vote, who have given him the Wisconsin Assembly unanimously and the Wisconsin Senate and State Government by a two-thirds majority, do not think they have given their suffrages to a madman. Two of his former physicians with whom I have talked do not take seriously the question concerning his sanity.

La Follette's intense emotionalism (his Celtic derivative, if you please) has brought him to a nervous breakdown on several occasions. The most notable was at the Philadelphia publishers' banquet in 1912. Few knew then that his beloved daughter lay critically ill. She was, in fact, operated on early the next morning. La Follette's heart and mind were with her as he faced his most critical audience.

His devotion to his family is beyond the ordinary. A Senator who knows him well (not an adherent, but a sympathetic admirer) said to me recently: "I believe La Follette's mind was saved during the war by the illness of his son, Robert. The Senator's devotion to the boy he loved removed him from the worst of the storm against him."

The "worst of the storm" may appear, as I set it down now, unbelievable. When he entered elevators in the Senate office building, its occupants usually vacated and let him ride alone. When he entered street cars, people left through both doors. Clubs in Madison to which he had belonged since his days as a university student expelled him. His next-door neighbors in Washington not only ostracized him, but kept tab on his callers and followed each with adjurations to avoid him in future. The Senate, whose members knew him best of all, placed him in coventry while it held in committee against his repeated appeals for public trial the charge against him of "treason," refusing to give him or any one an inkling of its ultimate act. Meanwhile his spiritual bath in vitriol proceeded under a torrent of Nation-wide execration such as few men have ever survived, and it should be noted that of the six Senators then denounced by Wilson as "a little group of willful men" he alone remains in public place.

Perception of the intensity and extent of all this was avoided, as if providentially, for a year and a day, during which period the Senator did not go to the Capitol or to his office, but remained constantly as nurse and companion at his son's bedside. Thus he escaped, without knowing it, the worst of the storm, which might well have tried the reason of even the most courageous of men.

When La Follette at length appeared in his seat in the Senate, though every member knew that he had been waging a single-handed fight with death for the life of his beloved son, and that he had won the fight, not one came forward to greet him. He sat there in the most conspicuous place, on the aisle in the front row, directly under the eye of the Vice-President, practically a pariah.

After a few minutes a bellow came from a rear seat. "Why, there's La Follette!" And the bull elephant of them all shoved a ponderous way down the aisle, the first to grasp in fellowship the outraged hand. "How's your boy?" he queried, in genuine concern. It was Penrose. Following his lead, the herd closed in, and the humanities were resumed.

Closely following this the Senate rejected the proposition to expel La Follette for his war-time utterances. "I believe," said to me recently a Republican Senator, "that our action in almost unanimously rejecting the proposal to expel him marked a definite change in La Follette. At least I personally date from about that period a new mellowness in his spirit. There is no sting or bitterness or gall in him any more. He is as determined and uncompromising as ever where he believes his principles are involved, but he seems to have outgrown the feeling that he is an Ishmael; with his hand against all men, and all men's hands against him. If I am right, he feels now that the Senate is ruled by an elemental sense of justice that nothing can shake."

His faults? La Follette's chief fault (and, so far as I can see, his only fault) is that he is of French-Irish extraction. In a civilization pluming itself so often on a Nordic supremacy this may be an amiable weakness in an author or a college professor, but in a politician, especially when he approaches a place of chief power, it easily becomes a crime.

A man who defies the steam-roller is an object of commiseration or of ridicule; when he survives the steam-roller he becomes an object of hatred. A celebrated stabilizer or harmonizer of the Republican party said to me not long ago: "La Follette is a big man, all right. The way he always has kept Wisconsin behind him proves that; but he'll never amount to anything because he won't play ball; there's no team-work in him; he don't get the signals."

Another Republican, often employed by the Senate organization as the "liaison officer" between it and La Follette (a finished diplomat has been required for this delicate operation in the past, and the importance of his labors will increase) said to me: "La Follette gets the signals all right, but not from the team; he gets them from his own inner self. Don't believe, however, that he can't play parliamentary ball. He is one of the best at that game I ever saw, and with his new strategic advantages I don't see how any one can beat him."

Many mistake La Follette's accents for his premises. Read one of his speeches, and you will see in it only prosaic statements of fact, with an appeal to logic, meriting consideration, however much you may differ with the conclusion. Hear him deliver the same speech, and you may easily be confused by the violence of the utterance and the exuberance of the gesture.

His is the ebullition of a boiling geyser which affects manner and method, but not the substance; this geyser of oratorical intensity startles with its perpetual fount of sizzling steam; yet too many who think it is only vapor forget that its permanent origin is far down in the bowels of the earth.

For La Follette will rise, I believe, out of his period and will be seen in perspective as the enshrined demos of the principle of pure democratic govern-

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ment, a principle as ancient as the cliffs and mounds of the aborigines who once dwelt on this continent. His destiny is, and has been, to embody that principle consistently, concretely, and effectively. He lacks the slightest particle of patience with any compromise with that principle. Whether it is right or wrong, practical or impractical, successful or unsuccessful, *he is it*.

Thirty-five years ago he was doing the same thing in Wisconsin that he did before the last election—holding vast throngs with the hypnotic force of his dynamic personality and the human appeal of his dramatization of economic problems. The *intelligentsia* of the State said then that he was only a demagogue who would wear himself out shortly. They have kept on saying that for over a generation, until he has worn himself into a place in Washington wherein he is one of the four or five individual forces slated to rule the Government of the coming few years.

Is he a demagogue? A demagogue, I take it, is one who courts popularity by appealing to the baser passions of the mob. Remember, then, that La Follette over and over again has taken his established popularity in his hand, as it were, and apparently has thrown it away by espousing some cause admittedly and proven to be unpopular.

One of his college classmates said to me recently: "Knowing Bob La Follette intimately for fifty years, I conclude that his strongest trait is a delight in overcoming obstacles. He would rather have the mass against than with him; he glories in such a contest. In this he is the reverse of the demagogue. Rather, he is a pathfinder, a discoverer, a political evangel. Though I am sure he is scrupulously honest, both practically and intellectually, I believe that if two ways to the same end were open to him, one without and the other with opposition, he would deliberately choose the road with opposition, provided he did not thereby sacrifice a principle."

This is the shrewdest portrait I have seen painted of "Battle Bob." He never seems to find enough exercise either for his intellectual or for his spiritual muscles.

Barney Baruch hails "Al" Smith's victory in New York as "the greatest personal vindication in the history of American politics." Is it? Consider the vindication of La Follette. Smith's majority in a vote of over two million was about 400,000, or 1½ to 1. La Follette's in a vote of about 400,000 was 275,000, or 5 to 1—very much the biggest of a career accustomed to big majorities. Statistically, at any rate, it appears that La Follette's vindication is about three times as impressive as "the greatest personal vindication in the history of American politics."

Now he will continue on the road of his manifest destiny, that of a political prophylaxis working within the Republican party. The party has usually opposed his irresistible force, but, since the beginning of the century, it has not been able to proceed without him.

SOLSTICE

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

WHOSE lips are thirsty for the sun-ripe fruit
That, in successive season, follows bloom?
Who loiters in the orchard with his flute
Of pensive airs and elegies? For whom
The dance of leaves and the blue scarves of smoke
Against the twilit, melancholy sky?
The winds have gathered round him like a cloak
To make more secret still his going by.

Autumn is but a mask before his face,
The frozen fields a vestiture; and where
His hand has rested, in whatever place,
Water will run no more and boughs be bare.
Last night I heard a step. . . . Now God be thanked
For this good harvest and these green logs banked!

LUMBER CAMP HONESTY

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

"WHATEVER gave you the idea that ninety-five per cent of men want to play fair?" snapped a member of one of the first audiences I addressed in the East. Before I had a chance to answer, he added, "It's all right for you theoretical geniuses to expound these wonderful theories from a platform, but I have long since found, by bitter experience, that beautiful theory and cold reality aren't always the closest of friends."

"Well," I answered, "it's late. Suppose we go into the dining-room and have a cup of coffee, and I'll tell you what started a belief that has since grown to positive conviction that ninety-five men out of a hundred are fundamentally square."

"I'm from Missouri," laughed my interrogator, as we sat down, "and will have to be shown."

I proceeded to show him as well as I could by telling him the following story of my early days in a lumber camp.

I was engaged in a Pacific coast steam logging camp as a "rigging slinger," which is probably as hard a job and as unpleasant a one as there is in a high lead logging camp. It doesn't mean that all beginners take that job, because they don't. It takes a husky man to stick with it, but you do get a first-class opportunity to study human nature—not the rigging slingers alone, but those rough, fighting workers who compose the entire yarding crews.

Although I had worked in the woods in the intermountain section of Idaho, where the timber was small and all logging performed by hand, for many years, I found that my past logging experience was practically valueless in a steam logging camp.

In due time Christmas rolled around. I had saved a small amount of money—as money goes even in a logging camp—but to me, who had been down and almost out for quite a while, my faith in everything shaken, my pay check seemed like a small fortune. As I recall it, my

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check amounted to $186. As the workers in the camp were paid off for the week's Christmas holiday, given in all Western logging operations, the superintendent called me in and asked me if I was returning after New Year's. I assured him that I would be back. "All right," he said. "I've noticed that you never take a drink."

"No," I answered, "I haven't so far in life. I don't intend to start in this week."

I was curious to know why the superintendent asked me the question, but, on my query, he answered: "I take it that you must be green in the woods, and I just wanted to tell you that while you're downtown if you don't 'blow your money' you'll likely have a fair amount of change left when the vacation is over."

"Don't worry about that," I replied: "I'm not going to spend any of it, only for a hotel, a few picture shows, and a ticket back."

"No! no!" growled the superintendent. "I didn't want an oration on what you're going to do with it, but I've noticed that you're not familiar with the customs of the woods. While you're in town you'll continually meet some of the boys from the camp who are broke. They may ask you for a few dollars. When they do, don't ask any questions; just give it to them, as long as it is in small amounts, and don't worry about it; you'll get it back."

The superintendent was right. During the week I spent in town it seemed to me that the lumberjacks had spent their money with remarkable suddenness. Practically every man I ran into passed a very friendly greeting with a string attached, the string being a good-natured request for "a coupla dollars."

On the evening of the third day I counted up. I had just about enough left to get back. However, before I reached the boat I had given out $10 more to three friends who hadn't fared very well in the various "spending academies" dotting the streets in the famous skid-road section below the totem-pole in the "Queen City."

Yet I was buoyed up with the positive assurance of the superintendent that I would get it all back. "Maybe not this month," he told me, "but it'll all come back in the course of two or three pay days." But during the following week, bounding through the brush with the fourteen to twenty foot heavy "choker" cables at $3.30 a day, I couldn't help but become a little pessimistic about "getting it all back." Before the first of the month rolled around I was downright nervous, and I frankly told the superintendent that I had regretted the fact many times that my hundred and fifty-odd dollars I had loaned out were not safely reposing in a savings bank.

"Just as good where it is," he replied. "The savings bank might 'bust,' but these lumberjacks that you have loaned this money to aren't going to all die at once."

I knew that the loans were widely distributed. I hadn't kept track. I didn't know just how many men owed me, nor what amounts. In all, I think there were about thirty-five or forty loans, ranging from one dollar to fifteen. But what made me most nervous was the fact that not over thirty per cent of our crew had come back. A goodly part of the men I had loaned money to had gone out to other camps in various parts of the State. I didn't even know the names of most of them, and certainly hadn't the slightest idea where they had gone.

SHERMAN ROGERS'S ALASKAN ARTICLES BEGIN IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE. THEY HAVE A VITAL BEARING ON THE FUTURE OF A GREAT TERRITORY

To my intense surprise, on the third, fourth, and fifth of the first month my mail had the appearance of a collection agency. It seemed that all of a sudden I had become decidedly popular somewhere. Most of the envelopes contained a bill. Very few of them any other notice—a one-dollar bill, a two-dollar bill, or a five-dollar bill—leaving me no wiser than before as to who had sent it. I got back over a hundred dollars that first month. By March 1 a few odd one-dollar and two-dollar bills had come in. By March 5 the entire amount had come back with the exception of one $7 loan and a $5 loan. I figured, by March 10, that I had probably lost the last.

During March a man in our camp was badly hurt, and I took him to the hospital. We arrived at the institution at about one o'clock in the morning. I remained long enough to see him into the ward reserved for men hurt in logging operations. As I entered the ward I heard: "There he is now! Hey, you!" I walked over to the bed from which the call came, and recognized a former worker in our camp, but I didn't recall anything further to bring him to mind.

"You loaned me $5," he blurted out. "I've been in the hospital here for six weeks, and I haven't been able to send it to you. I just got my compensation check from the State this morning, and here's your $5. Thanks very much."

I then went to bed, to get up two hours later to catch an early boat back up the canal. At that hour the "skid road" is practically deserted. I hadn't advanced very far when some one yelled and started on a run toward me. Instinctively I felt, "Here's a hold-up." I started to run. My pursuer was in good shape. Every few minutes he yelled lustily for me to stop. I put up a good race, but he steadily gained. However, I had reached Railroad Avenue by this time—out in the open glare of the electric lights. I figured I was safe, but the man chasing me didn't stop. He ran up to me, put his hand in his pocket, and wrathfully exclaimed, "You big chump! I've been looking for you all over since I came to town. I knew I had borrowed $7 from somebody. As you passed the alleyway back there, I recognized you, and instantly recognized the fact that I owed you the $7. Here it is. Thanks. See you again some time."

As I walked to the boat landing I realized that I had made thirty or forty promiscuous loans to men without knowing whether I should ever see them again, to men who had no money a week after pay day, to men who knew full well they probably would never see me again, and yet one hundred per cent of those men had returned their loans to me. In other words, one hundred per cent of these practical strangers had proved themselves to be square.

This experience was the beginning of the creed I have since grown to have perfect confidence in—that ninety-five per cent of men want to play fair.

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UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER XIII—THE PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE

NOW that the curtain of armistice had descended upon the world's most devastating war, the League to Enforce Peace was endeavoring to co-operate in every possible way with President Wilson and the official delegates to the Peace Conference, and with similar organizations in Europe, to bring into existence a League of Nations.

I had been made chairman of the Overseas Committee, and on the afternoon of Theodore Roosevelt's funeral former President Taft and I met to confer regarding the work to be done. Both of us were very much depressed by the death of our friend. Taft felt grateful that "Theodore" (as he always called Roosevelt) and he had some months earlier re-established their long-time former friendship, which had unhappily been interrupted by political events.

Mr. Taft courteously told me that he was glad that I was going to Paris, and that he believed I might render a great service in helping to secure an effective League of Nations. He hoped I would have conferences with Balfour, Lloyd George, and Léon Bourgeois, and that I would be able to show them what kind of a League we and, as we thought, the American public generally wanted. At my request, Taft agreed to write me a letter, signed by himself, as President of the League to Enforce Peace, and by A. Lawrence Lowell, chairman of the Executive Committee, giving me full authority to take whatever action in Europe that I might consider wise. I told Taft that I wanted a letter which should expressly state, among other things, that I was to support our official delegates, as it would not do for America to show a divided front.

He told me, what I also had known from conversations with Roosevelt, that Roosevelt had latterly expressed himself in favor of such a League of Nations as we stood for. I reminded Taft that Roosevelt had been the first in recent years to emphasize the subject of a League of Nations, having done so in his Nobel Peace Prize address.

A YOUTHFUL LORD CHANCELLOR

Reaching London on February 4, 1919, I promptly conferred with the members of the British League of Nations Union. Sir Willoughby Dickinson, M. P., gave me full details of the meetings that had been held by the English, French, and Italian leagues in Paris.

While in London we dined with our new Ambassador, John W. Davis, formerly the Solicitor-General of the United States. Both he and Mrs. Davis, in the short time they had been in London, had won the esteem of official England. At this dinner I had a long conversation with the new Lord Chancellor, Lord Birkenhead, formerly Sir Frederick Smith, who held a distinguished position at the British bar, and had been Attorney-General in the last Cabinet. In the latter part of 1917 he had visited the United States, where I had met him. He was then only forty-seven years of age, but looked much younger, and therefore quite unlike the typical Lord Chancellor robed in venerable dignity. He told me that he was the youngest Lord Chancellor, with one exception, that had ever sat on the woolsack. He had the youthful and vivacious face of a man in the thirties. He said that nothing would please him more than, when he was no longer Lord Chancellor, to practice law in America, but he said that precedent would not permit a former Lord Chancellor to return to the bar and practice his profession. He was very outspoken in his opposition to a League of Nations, saying that it was a Utopian idea.

As a dinner guest of Sir Arthur Steele-Maitland, M. P., Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office, I met my old friend Viscount Bryce, who was then about eighty-two years of age. He was still in the best of health and his mind was as alert as ever. He brought me a copy of his recent brochure, "Proposals for the Prevention of Future Wars." Maitland strongly favored a League of Nations.

International

Some of the main actors in the imposing drama of the Peace Conference. Left to right: Messrs. Lansing, Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Bonar Law

BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE PARIS CONFERENCE

We arrived in Paris on February 9, where our friends Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mamelsdorf had generously placed at our disposal their comfortable apartment in the Rue Montaigne, which was most conveniently and centrally situated and saved us the necessity and difficulty of securing accommodations, all the hotels being jammed full. At the Crillon Hotel, headquarters of the American Delegation, we conferred with Colonel House, with whom arrangements were made for the fullest co-operation between our League and the Official Commission. We also conferred with Mr. Gordon Auchincloss, son-in-law and secretary of Colonel House, who, after consulting with the latter, gave me in confidence a typewritten copy of the Articles of the League entitled "Draft as Provisionally Approved." He said that the Colonel wanted me to have this, so that I might study it. I was told that the outlook for the adoption of a League was very discouraging because the French Delegation, headed by Léon Bourgeois, insisted upon two additional clauses—(1) the control by the League of the manufacture of all armaments and of all war industries, and (2) an

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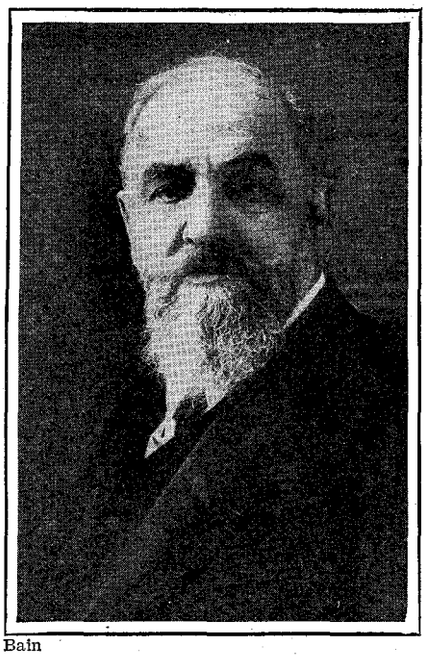


Bain

Léon Bourgeois, head of the French Delegation, who was persuaded by Mr. Straus to accept the League of Nations covenant as preliminarily drafted

international military force to defend the French frontier, which, Bourgeois insisted, quoting from a former speech of President Wilson, "was the frontier of civilization."

President Wilson had emphatically objected to the proposed additions.

When I informed Colonel House that I was about to call on Léon Bourgeois at his home across the Seine, he said, "By all means, go," and added that Bourgeois's attitude "had put the League on the rocks."

Arriving at Bourgeois's house late in the afternoon, we were told that he was in the Senate and would not return until late. While there, however, I met my friend and colleague on the Hague Tribunal, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant. He said he would see to it that we met Bourgeois that evening, and Baron d'Estournelles and Bourgeois arrived at my residence promptly at seven o'clock that evening.

Bourgeois presented the interposing difficulties and the divergence of views between him and President Wilson and Colonel House. I explained to him, more fully than he seemed to have appreciated before, that the war-making power was lodged by our Constitution exclusively in Congress, and that even if the President should agree to the additional articles, if these articles would in any way conflict with the war-making power as provided for in the Constitution President Wilson's assent would be without effect, and would never be ratified by our Senate.

Here the telephone rang, and M. Bourgeois was informed that the President of the Ministry, M. Clemenceau, desired to see him at once. Bourgeois said he would shortly return, and hurriedly left us. In the meantime we continued the conversation with d'Estournelles, who, being familiar with our American system, was better able to appreciate the problem. I told him plainly that Colonel House had said to me that afternoon that "the League of Nations was on the rocks."

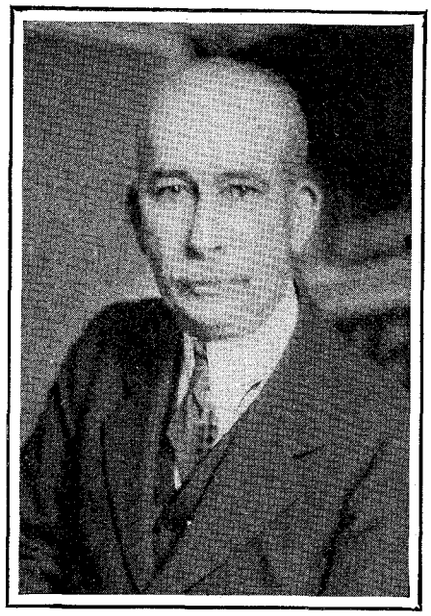
BOURGEOIS AGREES TO ACCEPT THE COVENANT

Bourgeois returned in half an hour, and we resumed the discussion. After explaining more at length our Constitutional provisions, I told him that if the proposed League were made too strong it would be useless, so far as America was concerned, since it would not be ratified by the Senate. Knowing what a strong advocate he had always been of the League of Nations, as he was and had been for years past the President of the French League of Nations Society, I asked him whether he would prefer having no League rather than a League as drafted, without the two articles he had proposed.

He frankly replied that, if that were the alternative, he would prefer to have the League as drafted. He then referred to the fact that at our last Congressional election the Administration had been defeated, and therefore, as he understood it, the President represented a minority party. I told him that, while such would be the case under the European system, it was not so under our system, and then read to him from my letter of credence "to support the President," explaining that the President of our League, Mr. Taft, along with Dr. Lowell, myself, and many others, were not of the President's party, yet I was authorized and instructed to support the President.

Bourgeois replied that at the Plenary Session of the Conference, which was to be held on the Friday following, namely, on the 14th, at the Quai d'Orsay, in view of the American position which I had made clear to him, he would support the "Draft as Provisionally Approved," but that he wanted me to appreciate that they had politics in France as well as we had, and that therefore he would, at any rate, have to present at the Conference the two articles referred to, if for no other reason than for their popular effect; but that I could rely on it that his Government would in the final analysis accept the Covenant or draft as provisionally presented by the representatives of the fourteen nations which had participated in its preparation and had preliminarily agreed to it.

When Bourgeois and d'Estournelles departed at about ten o'clock, I called up Colonel House, and, after briefly informing him what had taken place, I told him that the League was "off the rocks." He expressed his great gratification, and on the following morning when I met him he said that he had informed the



Colonel House, who, on Mr. Straus's arrival in Paris, immediately ushered him behind the scenes of the Peace Conference

President, who desired heartily to congratulate me.

When Colonel House had informed me that "the League was on the rocks," it was more real than figurative; for at the session of the Commission on the League held the evening before, the French members having insisted upon an international army to guard the frontier, and President Wilson having point-blank refused to agree to it, an *impasse* had been reached, since neither side would give way. The Commission thereupon adjourned, apparently without any possibility of coming to an understanding. Considerable bitterness was developed in the discussion, as I learned, between the President and M. Bourgeois. It was at this stage that I fortuitously arrived at the Crillon to report that our Committee, by calling on M. Bourgeois, had been able unofficially to take up and discuss with him the situation, which officially had apparently passed beyond the stage of further discussion. Therefore it proved a great relief to the President and Colonel House, as well as to Clemenceau and Bourgeois, that we had been able to remove the *impasse* by inducing the French delegates to agree to support the Covenant as preliminarily drafted.

The next day I met Baron d'Estournelles at lunch, and he informed me that Bourgeois had expressed himself gratified with the clarification I had given him and that I could rely upon the Covenant being adopted as we had agreed.

AT THE IMPOSING PLENARY SESSION

On the morning of the 14th, while I was at Colonel House's office, I received a copy of the Covenant, which had just been put in print, as re-edited by the Sub-Committee of the League of Nations

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under the chairmanship of Lord Robert Cecil. While I was there, President Wilson came in to meet the representatives of the American press. When he saw me, he expressed his high appreciation for our services and helpfulness. The President made a brief address to the correspondents, beginning in a semi-humorous vein, and then giving a general description of the Covenant as finally drafted, explaining that where so many nations were involved no one's individual ideas could be fully satisfied, and that there had to be yielding on all sides. Wilson added that he would have liked to see some definite provisions regarding the protection of religious minorities, and referred to several of the other outstanding provisions.

Colonel House asked me to see Bourgeois again before the Plenary Session, which was to take place that afternoon, saying that he had heard that Bourgeois was going to oppose the Covenant. I immediately called on Bourgeois again, and told him precisely what the Colonel had said, but Bourgeois assured me that there had been no change, and that the Covenant, or, as it was styled in French, *Le Pacte*, would not be opposed.

That same afternoon I went with former Ambassador Henry White, one of our official delegates, to the Session of the Plenary Conference at the Quai d'Orsay, which convened at 3:30 o'clock. I accompanied him into the Conference room, a large, vaulted, ornate chamber known as the Clock Room, where were seated, at the tables arranged along three sides of a square, with an inner row of seats arranged in the same way, the delegates of the thirty nations.

On the outside of the square were the tables for the secretaries of the several nations. At the head of the table sat M. Clemenceau; to his right was President Wilson, and on his left was to be Lloyd George, but, as he was not present, Lord Robert Cecil sat in his place. Next on the right was Mr. Lansing, and next on the left was Mr. Balfour, and so on in order. In the rear of the chamber were a number of distinguished persons and other officials of the Powers. To one side was another large room with arched entrances, occupied by the correspondents of the press of the world.

The proceedings began at four o'clock. The ushers closed the large entrance doors leading out into the foyer, and all was still and in expectancy when Clemenceau rose and, in his usual brusque and unceremonious manner, announced that "Monsieur Wilson" would have the "parole," meaning the floor.

(C) International

President Wilson as he appeared on his arrival in Paris for the Peace Conference

WILSON READS COVENANT

President Wilson arose, calm, dignified, and entirely self-possessed, and, after a few preliminary words, stated that the representatives of the fourteen nations which composed the League of Nations Committee had unanimously agreed to the Covenant, consisting of twenty-six articles, to be presented to the Conference, representing, according to the estimate, 1,200,000,000 people.

He read the articles of the Covenant, one by one, interpolating here and there brief explanations. The title "Covenant" had been given the document by Wilson, a designation he had previously used in one of his speeches. This was regarded as most appropriate, since the pact was not a treaty or convention, but something higher and more sacred, hence the scriptural designation "Covenant," such as God had made with Israel.

After reading the articles, Wilson made an address of about thirty minutes. It was clear, forceful, and in his inimitable style. In closing he said: "Armed force is in the background in this programme, but it is in the background, and if the moral force of the world will not suffice, the physical force of the world shall. But that is the last resort, because this is intended as a constitution of peace, not as a League of War. Many terrible things have come out of this war, gentlemen, but some very beautiful things have come out of it. Wrong has been defeated, but the rest of the world has been more conscious than it ever was before, of the majesty of right."

Lord Robert Cecil then spoke briefly, and I will quote a single passage from his address: "Finally, we have thought that if the world is to be at peace, it is not enough to forbid war. We must do something more than that. We must try and substitute for the principle of international competition that of international co-operation."

Bourgeois declared that he proposed amendments which he thought he ought to mention; that, while his country had accepted the text which had been read, the amendments were mentioned so that, as the text went before the world, the amendments might also be considered, to the effect that we ought to have a permanent organization to prepare military and naval means of execution and make them ready in case of emergency.

JAPAN'S PERSUASIVE VOICE

Baron Makino, speaking with persuasive eloquence in perfect English, main-

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tained his previous amendments, which were as follows: "The equality of nations being a basic principle of the League of Nations, the High Contracting Parties agree to accord, as soon as possible, to all aliens, nationals of States, members of the League, equal and just treatment in every respect, making no distinction either in law or in fact on account of their race or nationality." He then added: "I feel it my duty to declare clearly on this occasion that the Japanese Government and people feel poignant regret at the failure of the Commission to approve of their just demand for laying down a principle aiming at the adjustment of this long-standing grievance, the demand that is based upon a deep-rooted natural conviction. They will continue in their insistence for the adoption of this principle by the League in the future."

George Barnes, the English labor leader, upheld the argument of Bourgeois for an international force. Venizelos referred to the amendments of France which had been held back because of constitutional barriers of acquiescence on the part of certain countries. He thought those countries should make an effort to remove those barriers, but that, if they could not do so, then France should recede from her position. Mr. Hughes, of Australia, interposed a question demanding to know when and where the discussion of mandatories would take place, to which Clemenceau replied that the document would rest on the table and would be discussed at a distant date. Thereupon he abruptly adjourned the session.

CIVILIZATION'S GOLDEN CHAPTER

As the delegates moved out, I met President Wilson, who asked me for my opinion about the Covenant. I replied that it was much more comprehensive and forceful than I had believed it possible for the nations preliminarily to agree upon. He expressed himself as much gratified. I believed then, and do yet, that but for Wilson's prestige and dominant leadership of the Conference, so far at least as the Covenant was concerned, it would perhaps not have been formulated, if ever, until after the Treaty of Peace was concluded. At any rate, I very much doubt if an agreement could have been arrived at.

After my conversation with Wilson, Bourgeois said to me that he hoped I was satisfied with his remarks in support of the Covenant, that he had to refer to the amendments he presented so that they might receive consideration. I told him that he had followed the course he had agreed to when he spoke to me two nights before, that, while he would refer to his amendments, he would nevertheless support the Covenant.

When I had returned to my apartment, I wrote in my "Random Notes:" "I regard this day and its happenings as the golden chapter in the history of civilization." Notwithstanding what has since happened, I have not abandoned hope that such may yet prove true.

AT TEA WITH GENERAL SMUTS

Two days before the meeting of the Conference, Hamilton Holt and I had tea with General Smuts, the distinguished South African delegate. He is a man of very pleasant appearance, rather short in stature, and with his florid complexion looks like a veritable Dutchman. He was then apparently about fifty years of age. He would hardly, from his appearance, be taken for a soldier, but rather for a student. He had given much detailed study to the subject of a League of Nations, and from his brochure "The League of Nations—A Practical Suggestion" (1918) more of his suggestions as there set forth entered into the articles of the Covenant than those proposed by any other of the delegates, including Wilson. Smuts advocated in this brochure that "the League should be put in the very forefront of the programme of the Peace Conference," the same position that Wilson afterward successfully pushed forward. In the preface of his brochure, dated December 16, 1918, Smuts says:

> To my mind the world is ripe for the greatest step forward ever made in the government of man. And I hope this brief account of the League will assist the public to realize how great an advance is possible to-day as a direct result of the immeasurable sacrifices of this war. If that advance is not made, this war will, from the most essential point of view, have been fought in vain, and great calamities will follow.

Dining soon afterwards with Sir Robert Borden, then Premier of Canada and one of the British delegates, we met several of his colleagues. Balfour was expected, but he had been compelled to return to London that day. Sir Robert was an important member of the British Delegation, and made some very helpful suggestions. He opposed Article X of the Covenant, which provides that "the High Contracting Parties undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all States, members of the League," etc., the same article that eventually met with so much opposition in our Senate, and doubtless was the principal cause for the Senate's failure to ratify. At that time it was generally rumored that Borden would be selected as Ambassador to the United States to succeed Lord Reading. He would doubtless have made a most acceptable representative in Washington of the British Government, exceptional as it would have been to have the British Empire represented by a colonial official. No one could have been sent who understood our country and our people better.

FINAL events in Paris connected with the Peace Conference are described next week by Ambassador Straus in the closing chapter of his Autobiography. He depicts important conferences with President Wilson, Colonel House, Alexander Kerensky, Venizelos, refugee Russian statesmen, and others. He reports the London meeting of the allied societies for the League of Nations. He tells of his return to America and of the efforts to secure American participation in some kind of League of Nations. He closes with a terse and illuminating appeal for individual states to conform their policies to the world's common needs.

PERSHING NERVOUS BEFORE MAKING A SPEECH

Washington's Birthday was celebrated by the American Society, which gave a luncheon at the Hôtel Palais d'Orsay. There were present about one hundred and fifty Americans. It was a notable assembly, and I had the pleasure of sitting next to General Pershing, with whom I had a lengthy talk. We spoke, among other things, of the proposal that our country should take a mandate to govern the Ottoman Empire or any part of Europe. Great propaganda had been made that we should take a mandate for the Ottoman Empire. Pershing agreed with me that this would lead to endless complications and would not be approved at home. I also talked with Colonel House upon the subject, who was of the same opinion. Pershing was evidently quite nervous, for he was expected to speak, and he was making some notes. It appeared to me that he was more disturbed than if he were about to enter into a serious military engagement.

I had lunch the next day with Boris Bakhmeteff, Russian Ambassador to the United States, at which I met Sazonoff, former Minister for Foreign Affairs under the Czar's régime. We spoke of Russia and the possibility of reconstruction.

I was told that the late Czar was kindly and humane, but that he had been completely misled and dominated by crafty Ministers who were plotting and intriguing one against the other; that Russia was not, by reason of the ignorance of its people, fitted to become a republic, but that it must have a government powerfully centralized, and that its best hope would be the restoration of the monarchy under Grand Duke Nicholas as constitutional ruler. Sazo-

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noff said it was a pity that Petrograd was not taken by the Allied fleet.

On February 26 the Union of Associations for the Society of Nations, together with the European Bureau of the Carnegie Peace Foundation, gave a luncheon in honor of Ambassador Sharp and myself at the Cercle Interallié, at which M. Léon Bourgeois presided. There were present some seventy-five guests, mostly delegates and French officials, including Sir Robert Borden; Venizelos, the Greek delegate; the Rumanian Minister; M. Vesnitch, the Serbian Minister; and the Brazilian Ambassador. At the conclusion M. Bourgeois arose and, although there were to be no set speeches, expressed the regret of the French nation that Ambassador Sharp would in the near future relinquish his post, and complimented his Administration upon its work of the past four trying years. He praised my effective helpfulness in regard to the League of Nations, and stated that he not only greeted me as a twin, because he was born in the same year as I was, but also as a Frenchman, since my father, who was born in 1809, was a Frenchman by birth, and because my great-grandfather was a delegate to the Conference which was summoned by Napoleon during the first decade of the past century.

In reply, I stated that an American, to be truly patriotic, should understand our early history, and that no American with this knowledge could fail to have a love and sense of gratitude for France, our ally in the establishment of democracy, as we had so recently been her ally for the liberation of the world.

LANSING IS SIDE-TRACKED

My conferences regarding the League of Nations while it was under discussion and formulation by the Committee of the Conference having charge of that subject were held with Colonel House and his secretary, Mr. Auchincloss. On February 27 I had lunch with Secretary Lansing. It had been quite obvious to me that even before this he had been practically side-tracked, and that Colonel House had replaced him from the beginning, doubtless by direction of the President. This was very evident so far as the League of Nations was concerned.

Mr. Lansing informed me that he had pointed out a number of technical objections to the Covenant as formulated, which, he was sure, would prove a fruitful source of difference and would make trouble. It seemed to me that he was evidently not conversant with the various stages of discussion regarding the articles of the Covenant.

I referred to the entire omission in the second draft of the section respecting civil and religious liberty and the protection of minorities, which was contained in the tentative draft, but was finally omitted because Japan had insisted that the equality of races be included, whereupon the whole subject had been omitted. I suggested that the entire subject, which was in fact a Bill of Rights, now that it had been excluded from the Covenant, should be incorporated in the treaties to be made with each of the new nations. Lansing agreed with me that that should be done and would, under the circumstances, be the best plan.

THE JERICHO ROAD

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

IN the big, bare inn at the top of the Jericho Road three travelers were sitting around an open fire, for the night was cold. They were persons of some importance in their time, being rich, and their many followers—servants, guards, horses, and beasts of burden—crowded the alcoves around the courtyard of the khân.

One of the three was a Roman tax-gatherer from Jerusalem; the second was a Persian silk merchant from Ecbatana; the third was a Greek theater director from the rich city of Gerasa, beyond the Jordan. They had often met before at the same khân, for their business frequently called them to traverse this dangerous road. They were always glad of a meeting and a friendly talk over a cup of mulled wine, no religion having yet been discovered to forbid such cheerful and warming fellowship. So they rested and told their stories, as travelers like to do.

"But where is our old companion, the good man from Samaria?" asked the Roman. "He is usually on the road at this season, with his sacks of corn from Dothan and his skins of wine from Jezreel. There is a good market for them in Jerusalem now."

"Perhaps he is waiting," said the Persian, "for the market to rise a little more. He understands his business, that Samaritan. But he is kind, very kind—the blessing of Ahura-Mazda is upon him."

The Greek smiled.

"It is so," he said, "excessively so. He never loses a chance to perform a work of mercy, to bind up the wounded, to pour out money for the distressed. And I never knew a man to have so many chances. I will wager that even now he is picking up some poor wretch on the Jericho Road and taking care of him. That is what delays him. It has become a habit."

At that moment, as if a bell had called him, the Good Samaritan entered. He was dusty and a little out of breath, but he made the Oriental salutations of politeness as usual, and sat down with his friends by the fire.

"Another?" asked the Roman.

"Yes," replied the Samaritan, "another—in truth, several others."

"How many does that make," asked the Greek, "since we first met here?"

The Samaritan threw up his hands.

"I do not know. I have lost the count. Since I began to travel this road, some thirty years ago, it has been the same thing every year, sometimes twice a year. Always robbery, outrage, murder—people lying in their blood by the roadside, women violated, little children cut to pieces. This time it was a poor man of the sect called Nazarenes whom they beat till they thought he was dead. His wife they stabbed to death and two girl children they abused into madness. I and my servants did what we could for them and brought them here for safety."

"Such things ought not to be in the Empire," said the Roman, gravely. "Who is guilty of these offenses against justice and the Roman peace?"

"Always the same tribe," said the Samaritan. "They call it 'taking toll.' They say their religion authorizes it, and after they have done it they wash their hands and say their prayers. But the name of their god must be Satan, and the blood on their souls will not wash out."

"But this tribe must be subdued," said the Roman. "They must be taught and bound to keep the peace."

"Subdued is an easy word," said the Persian; "but in my country there are tigers which cannot be changed into cats. You cannot trust them if they smell blood."

"It is so with this robber tribe," said the Samaritan. "Time and again one army after another has beaten them, and they have cringed and fawned and promised to be good. But when they are forgiven and the army withdraws they break out again to rob and rape, to butcher and burn. True, they let us pass because we are strong and well armed. But for the weak and helpless they have no mercy but torture and no compassion but the grave. Year after year the same brutality, the same horror! My gorge rises at the bloodiness of the Jericho Road."

"But why," asked the Greek, very softly, "just why do you not go around by some other way? You would escape these sights that trouble you so deeply and cost you so much money in charity. It is none of your affair, after all. What are the Jews to you, except as customers? Why not abandon the Jericho Road?"

The Samaritan looked at him, and then answered, sharply and firmly, as

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if he had often thought of the question and had the answer ready.

"For two reasons. The first is the same that brings you here. We all need that road in our business. It is the shortest and best way to Jerusalem. The second reason is one that perhaps you may not share. To avoid the Jericho Road would not deliver me from its horrors. I should still see them in my heart—the wounded, the outraged, the slaughtered—they would haunt me and cry for help. Are they not of the same flesh and blood as we are? God knows they have cost me enough. But I give it willingly. I only wish I could do more for them."

"You can," said a deep voice close behind the travelers. They looked up in surprise, and saw a man clothed in rough garments of camel's hair, with a leathern girdle round his loins. He had come in quietly and stood leaning on his long staff, gazing sternly into their faces.

"You can do much more, all of you. You must do more if you would meet your duty. You are rich. You have power. Put a strong guard on this pathway of blood and shame. Make this tribe of robbers and murderers afraid, since they understand no other argument. It is even more merciful to prevent cruelty than to heal the wounded. It is even more righteous to protect the helpless than to comfort them in their misery. This ought ye to do, and not to leave the other undone. I charge you in the name of God. Patrol the Jericho Road!"

The four travelers looked at one another with wondering eyes, for the stranger spoke with authority. When they turned around again to question him, he was gone into the night.

BENITO MUSSOLINI

BY EDWARD CORSI

International

FASCISTI LEADERS HONORING THE "UNKNOWN HERO"

Premier Mussolini is at the right, followed by General Diaz, Admiral de Reval, and other officials, as they proceeded to the tomb of the "Unknown Hero," where allegiance to the King was sworn by the new government

BACK in 1892 a group of enthusiastic radicals met at Genoa and ushered the Italian Socialist party into existence. In the same year, and practically at the same time, the Silesian Convent at Faenza opened its huge iron door to admit a wild-eyed lad into the service of the Church. "He seems quite vivacious," remarked the rector to the hopeful mother of the lad, "but I reckon he'll do."

A number of years later a mass of workingmen were conducting a strike in an industrial section of Romagna. The strikers were alone in their fight, abandoned by their leaders, disowned by a hostile Camera del Lavoro. There had been plenty of mass-meetings, plenty of agitation. Demands were made and rejected. Hopes of victory were fast vanishing. At the eleventh hour out of the mob comes a youth with fire in his eyes and hatred in his heart. He must speak. "Comrades," he shouts, "you have had enough words, enough speeches, enough demonstrations, enough nonsense! You have the strength of numbers and the force of arms! You have no head! Here, take mine! This is the hour of revolution—revolution at once!" The discouraged mob stood aghast in the presence of this mere youth who dared to speak of revolution. But his words had penetrated. The mob reacted in all its fury. The passion of revolution took hold of the abandoned strikers. "To the railway! To the railway! Revolution!" shouted the frenzied men and women. But they had hardly advanced when a troop of cavalry compelled them to disperse. They fled to their homes. The revolution was blocked. The youthful agitator, beaten by superior force, downed in his plan of battle, was led away by a kindly hand, disillusioned but not discouraged. He would try again. He was born for the revolution.

The wild-eyed lad at the Silesian convent and the youthful revolutionist urging the mob to action were one and the same. To-day, after thirty-odd years of agitation and leadership, Benito Mussolini is at the head of the Italian Government, realizing the aspirations of his youth.

Millions of newspaper readers the world over are asking, Who is this Mussolini? What kind of a man is he?

Not excepting the romantic d'Annunzio, this *enfant terrible* is the most picturesque figure in all Italy. If I could find his prototype in America, I would engage in comparisons. But, fortunately, or unfortunately if you will, America breeds no Mussolinis. Men of his type are to be found in Latin countries, where temperament and impulse abound. As a man he is unique, *sui generis*. As a leader he is not to be compared. At this time of writing he has his country in the palm of his hand, to crush it if he pleases, to save it if he so wills. He is the organizer and the builder of the Fasci. He is also their master mind.

He comes from the soil, and he hates democracy. He speaks with provincial pride of the little Roman town of Varano de Costa, where, forty years ago, he first saw the light of day. His father, an iron worker, was an ardent Internationalist who suffered imprisonment for his loyalty to Marx. His mother, not unlike many Italian mothers of her day, hoped to have her Benito a priest of the Church. But, as destiny would have it, Benito was a rebel from the day of his birth, a rebel against the clergy, against society, against law and order. The Silesian fathers got rid of the vivacious lad with a sigh of relief, and he later took to teaching. He did not teach for long. The atmosphere of the schoolroom, like that of the chapel, bored him. He craved for action, for adventure, for life. He abandoned the schoolroom and set out for Switzerland. The news of

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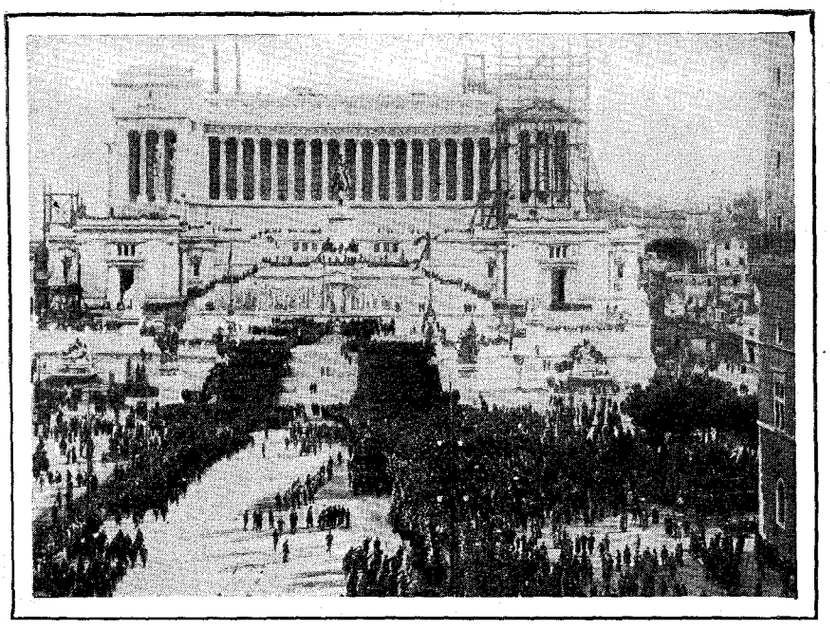
his father's arrest on the day of his departure failed to hold him back. He is not a man who will hold back. He went right ahead to Yverdon, arriving there with two lire in his pockets. After roaming for days from job to job, he was finally arrested and imprisoned on a charge of vagrancy. He returned to Italy, determined to "upset the world and everybody in it." He did.

Mussolini was born for the pen, and he followed his inclination. As a boy he had written many articles and much bad poetry. In Switzerland he had worked as a mason. He would be a journalist. In Trento he joined the martyr Cesare Battista and wrote for "Il Popolo." He gave himself to the cause of Italian irredentism, employing his pen, which was also his sword, with fierce hatred against Austria and the Austrians. He left Battista and founded "La Lotta di Classe" in Forli. His articles and editorials were so bitter, so venomous, so belligerent, that all Italy came to know Mussolini, the merciless revolutionist. He demanded the leadership of the Socialist party, as he has demanded the Government, and the party surrendered. He assumed the editorship of the "Avanti," the official organ of the Socialist movement, and, fearing "neither Rome nor hell," set out to "put blood, nerves, and iron in a huge empty body." Under his leadership the Socialist party assumed a belligerent attitude in Italian politics. Mussolini was the bitterest agitator and the most aggressive propagandist the Italian Socialists had ever seen. He was not for the class struggle. He was for class war.

Then the World War came. A deep love of country, slumbering for years in the heart of the revolutionary, came to life with the first booming of the guns. Mussolini could not resist its magnetism. He was a born fighter, a man for the trenches, a dynamic human force. The policy of neutrality decided upon by his party was not for him. He would not be a pacifist. He could not be. He cried out for war, and he ceased to be a Socialist. "Traitor!" shouted his comrades. "Scoundrels, cowards!" thundered Mussolini.

On November 15, 1914, the first issue of "Il Popolo d'Italia," the bitterest anti-Socialist organ in Italy, appeared on the news-stands of Milan. Through its columns Mussolini cried out for war—for war against Austria and Germany, for war against the Socialist and Communist parties, against all the enemies of Italy. He fought for and in the war. All Italy listened to the emotional, dramatic, inspiring war speeches of Mussolini, the redeemed. Four years later he began the organization of the Fasci. The first to respond to his call were the Arditi.

What has happened since then is practically a matter of common knowledge. With his million Fascisti, who compose the most remarkable movement of youth in the history of any nation, he has brought the Socialist and Communist parties to their knees. He has assumed absolute control of the Italian Government. It may truly be said that in the hands of this man lies the fate of Italy.



Wide World Photos

THE FASCISTI MARCHING INTO ROME—A SCENE AT THE VICTOR EMMANUEL MONUMENT AS MUSSOLINI'S FOLLOWERS TOOK POSSESSION OF THE CITY

Mussolini is an eccentric man of remarkable force and initiative. Though he betrays a childish sentimentalism in his acceptance of political ideas, he is inclined to be egotistical, cruel, and unscrupulous. He is not a cultured man. He abhors the academic mind and hates the doctrinaire. His articles are superficial, his speeches abound in adjectives. But he is as aggressive with his pen as with his tongue. The editorials in "Il Popolo d'Italia" are venomous, menacing, and always polemical. One of the editors of the Fascista organ gives this picture of Mussolini at work in his office:

> In the editorial offices there is complete silence. Mussolini is at work. Facing him, on the wall, hangs the black flag of the Arditi, with its prominent skull and dagger; on the table, between the barricade of books and the mass of manuscripts, rests his revolver; a bit further, on a volume of Carducci, a hunting knife, with its blade of steel, glitters in the sunlight; close to his inkwell is another revolver, a smaller one of feminine elegance. On the bookcase—rather, on a mass of manuscripts never to be published—are boxes of bullets; near by rests his Fascista cane. In this formidable armory, standing out in perfect contrast to the black flag, Mussolini loads, murmurs, shrieks, threatens, and explodes. He hammers out his thoughts. His pen cuts deep into the paper. He works like a workman. He glories in his work.

"Clemenceau," says Nitti, "has been throughout his whole life a formidable man of destruction." Mussolini differs from Clemenceau only in that he can also build. He is a doer of things. He believes in accomplishment, in achievement, and has no patience with men who will not act. In his large, protruding eyes there is bitter determination and much iron. He built up the Socialist party and then abandoned it. He followed with the building of the Fasci. He will now build an iron government.

Mussolini, unlike many of the party leaders in Italy, cannot be credited with firm political convictions. He is continuously in a state of political change. Even to-day the public opinion of the country is hopelessly divided on what Mussolini actually believes and desires. He has been a Socialist and a Socialist leader for many years. But was he truly a Socialist? Did he fully grasp the Marxian theories of government? It is difficult to answer the question. I am inclined to believe that he was lured by the romanticism of the Socialist movement. He loved to fight, and the Socialist party, the class struggle, offered him the opportunity to fight. He has never believed in reform through the ballot. He believed and believes in the right of might. As a youth he believed in industrial and political revolution. As a leader of the Socialists he believed in *settimane rosse* and *la guerra di classe.* In the war he was a soldier of the trenches. In peace he guided his Fascisti through civil war.

To-day, with the reins of government in his hands, this man, ferocious as a tyrant and human as a child, promises to restore law and order. "Democracy," he has said, "has failed in Italy. This is the day of the dictatorship."

Will he restore the Government to all the people of Italy or will he continue to dominate single-handedly, as he has dominated from that day in Romagna when he urged the striking workmen to revolution? The nation awaits breathlessly the next move of Benito Mussolini.

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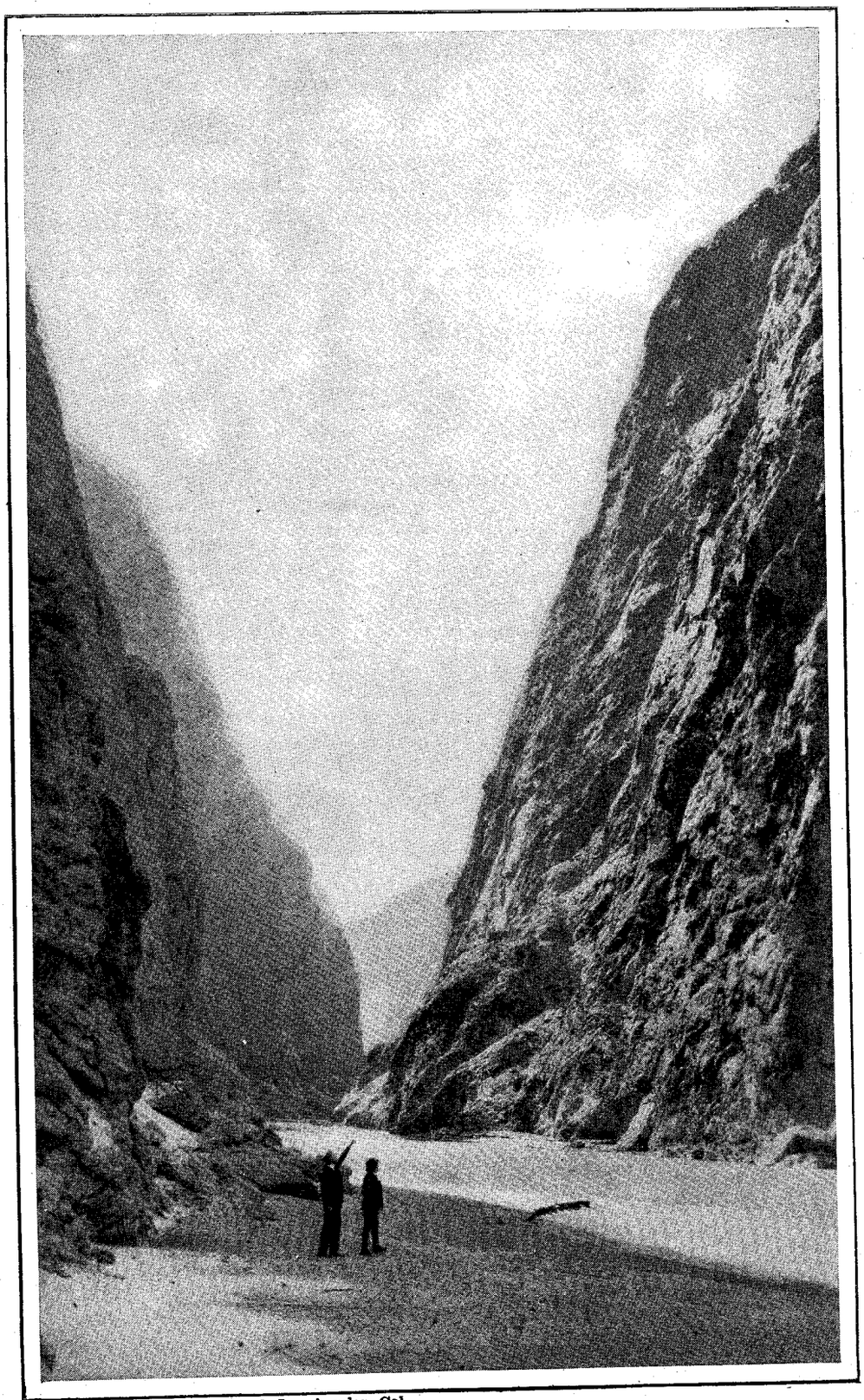
WHERE THE COLORADO AWAITS ITS YOKE

PICTURE FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



Photograph by John Anson Ford, Los Angeles, Cal.

BOULDER CANYON ON THE COLORADO RIVER, ABOUT 200 MILES BELOW GRAND CANYON

The walls of the canyon on the right are in Nevada, on the left in Arizona. They rise to a height of about 1,500 feet. Here the Government proposes to build a dam rising 600 feet above the river, creating the largest reservoir of the kind in the world. It will have a threefold utility—flood control, irrigation, and power development. Secretary Fall and Secretary Hoover are reported to be officially behind this great project, and bills to carry it through are now in Congress

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THE BOOK TABLE

TWO EXPERIMENTS

BY C. HARLOW RAYMOND

"YOU ought to write something about that," said the head of the English Department in a big preparatory school. "Those are two unusually interesting experiments."

The two other English teachers completing our group, talking shop after a full day of reading for the College Entrance Board examinations, urged the same thing. And so I have done so. There is nothing new about the experiments, but perhaps my writing about them may help to encourage some of us teachers who in the routine of the daily task may have become tired, discouraged, or mired.

So much for introduction, except—they really aren't experiments; they are proved facts.

Four years ago I wished to demonstrate to myself the truth or falsity of certain theories of my own as to a boy's liking for poetry. For years, in classes corresponding to eighth grade or a little higher, I had had some very interesting results in getting boys not only to read poetry, but also to compose verse. I wanted to see what could be done, while carrying the regular work of the course, with a class a year older, corresponding roughly to first-year high school boys, in which there should be no picked boys except such as the alphabet in its natural order dropped into my lap. Accordingly, I took a class of youngsters from thirteen to fifteen years old.

Now I believed that the supposition, held by many, that boys as a rule dislike or hate poetry is absolutely false. I held, and still hold, that almost all boys have within them a genuine fondness for poetry. If a teacher believes that they have not and proceeds to teach with that view-point, he will not discover their liking, and beyond question he will arouse in most boys so great an aversion to poetry that he may shut the door to their enjoyment of it, not only during the period of adolescence, but possibly for all time. On the other hand, if a teacher really loves poetry and takes the standpoint that men are but boys grown up and have in common an inherent love for that which is clean and true, strong and brave, and fine and beautiful, he will find, if he shows any wisdom in his teaching, that there will be a ready response to his love for poetry on the part of the boys. This response will of course vary with the boy, but rare indeed is he who does not care for some kind of poetry.

In my experimental class, besides our work in grammar, composition, and prose reading, we read Thompson's "British Verse" from the beginning. After we had discovered that Dan Chaucer used a form of simplified spelling—and got away with it when we couldn't, worse luck!—and had a deliciously humorous way of picturing the people of his day, who were remarkably like ourselves in spite of their queer clothes and manners, we raced through the ballads and found that, naïve and crude, exaggerated and absurd, though they might be in places, they had swing and sincerity, incident and plot, and appeal in every case. Then we came to the lyric poetry of Elizabeth's age and of Shakespeare. One week I read to the boys in the class the four or five of Shakespeare's sonnets included in the "British Verse," taking up one or two a day and explaining them very carefully. After that I asked each member of the class to choose the sonnet he liked best, and to bring in for the next recitation a carefully written paraphrase of it. When that was done, I told the boys I wished each one to memorize the sonnet of his choice. They of course found that they were able to learn it in no time. Shortly after that they studied Milton's sonnets. It was simple then to compare the Shakespearean and the Italian types of sonnets.

It was now some time after Christmas, and I was ready for the experiment, of which the boys had no inkling. One Monday morning I said, "Now, boys, we'll try something new to-day. We'll all write a sonnet. I think most of you can do it in the forty-five minutes."

The expression of surprise and incredulity on the faces of some of the youngsters was most amusing. Most of them had never tried to write verse. What was there that they could write upon? I told them that the subject-matter was simple. They had been reading a good deal of love poetry. They, being experienced in all such matters, could easily write a love sonnet. They could write the octave on a description of "her," though who "she" was I did not know except in the case of Jack. The sestet could begin with "but," though what the "but" would lead to, I had no idea. What more did they, being intelligent boys, need? Keep quiet and get busy.

Their imagination was tickled. The competitions they had had in rhyming words and in synonyms and the training they had had in the rhythm of verse now stood them in good stead, and they tackled the new game in earnest. I had asked them to write a sonnet in forty-five minutes if they could. I knew well enough that I could not have done such a thing at their age, and I question whether many of my day and generation could have. Could any of these boys do it? Quietly and eagerly they worked—no sound in the room except once in a while a boy tiptoed to me to ask for advice. By thirty-five minutes one boy was through; by forty, three more; by forty-five, eight out of the class of sixteen. All but two had more than eight lines. The work of all of them was in true sonnet form with correct versification. The boys who had not finished were allowed two or three days extra, but were asked to get their sonnets in as soon as possible. They did.

When we discussed the sonnets, some of which were humorous, some serious, all better than I had dared hope for, we realized that writing verse was not so difficult, after all. We next decided to write ballads. Accordingly, we took twenty minutes of a recitation for each one to think out plots for ballads. These were read in class and criticised by the boys. Then I asked that they try to get their ballads in within a week. Well, we had some great ballads. They ran the gamut of mystery, disguise, and the supernatural, lily-white maids, damsels with golden hair, true love triumphant, tragic death. There were flaws in the meter at times—as there should be in all true ballads!—and in diction and in plot it was still possible, if one desired, to criticise; but, as in the case of the sonnets, I was able to congratulate the boys heartily for the fine work they had done.

We had great fun one recitation with limericks. Then a little later I told the boys I wished to try another experiment. I wanted them to put either the First or the Twenty-third Psalm into verse. And I told them why I thought such an exercise would be helpful. Again I gave them plenty of time. They found this versification harder, as I expected; but I was astonished at the results they obtained. Most of the boys chose the Twenty-third Psalm, and they used all kinds of meter. One boy, I remember, used an anapestic trimeter for the First Psalm. When we read and discussed the verse, mixed in with the boys' versions, I gave them a number of poetic (?) paraphrases from an old

FOOD for many minds awaits the readers of The Outlook's "Book Table." There is Lloyd Morris's review of "Ariel," by José Enrique Rodó, entitled "A Philosopher from the Plate." There is interesting biographical material in Henry C. Shelley's "Centenary of Thomas Hughes." Herbert Gorman has given us an article which might be called "Confessions of a Book Reviewer," and Hubert V. Coryell continues his previous essays on boys and books by an article giving the boys' point of view of "What Makes a Book Worth Reading."

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metrical version of the Psalms, printed about 1800. At the end of this joint reading up popped the hand of one of the boys. "Mr. R——, I think some of our verse is better than some of that in the Psalms." I agreed with him.

Every year we give a prize for the best verse written by any boy in the form. By this time my boys were ready for the contest. I told them I hoped a member of the class would win it, but the one thing I really cared for was that each boy should give the best of himself in the contest. Each member of the class I asked to write at least one piece of verse on any subject he pleased. Most of the class wrote more than one. In fact, boys were bringing verse right along for me to look over. There was war verse and love verse, humorous, reflective, serious and tragic verse, narrative, lyric—all verse; and it ran from limerick length to that of many stanzas. The prize poem of our section, according to the judgment of the boys, gave the experiences of a Buddy in the war; it had at least forty quatrains. It was an unusual product for a boy of fifteen or so. It won the prize for the form.

At the suggestion of the class, we collected our best work, which I handed in to the head master to read. We were very proud of our collection.

Now of course the youngsters had not written great poetry, and probably never will. But, according to their age and their ability, they had done their best. Moreover, they had gained much more that is valuable. They had learned by their own failures and successes to appreciate the right word in the right place, the beauty of the perfect line, the lilt and rhythm or mighty swing of it, the appeal of apt and lovely figures of speech, the charm and magic of all true poetry. Poetry to practically every one of them is for all time an open book, and many of them have read already much in its golden pages.

Since then I have not had an opportunity to teach a group of young boys in the same way. What teaching I did with younger boys the next year was necessarily along different lines. Practically all my time since then I have had to devote to classes preparing strictly for the College Board examinations.

Now our school believes in preparing for the restricted examination in English, on the ground that the drill and training of a definite prescribed course can be given in such a way as to implant a better knowledge of the essentials of English than can the comprehensive plan, and at the same time can be made interesting. A criticism of the restricted plan often heard is that it compels the study of books that the boys hate. "We still teach Burke's 'Speech' and Milton's minor poems," said a teacher in English last June to me. "Why the head makes us, I don't see, for every boy hates Burke and Milton. I wish the head would let us teach the easier books prescribed under the restricted plan or else the comprehensive. It's absurd to make boys study stuff they hate."

To answer all of which in the reverse order—a thing I was not so foolish as to attempt in any form or order with the teacher in question, for inevitably there is a great gulf between us regarding essentials—I would say in passing: (1) that it is very difficult, to put it mildly, to teach boys or anybody what they hate; (2) that the question arises why boys should hate those books—is it the book, the boy, or the teacher that is at fault? (3) that the fact that other books may be easier does not necessarily prove their greater value or more abiding interest—indeed, probably proves the reverse. On all this I could write at length, but that is another matter.

Personally I have not found that boys hate Milton's minor poems or Burke's "Speech on Conciliation." When the poems and the "Speech" are made clear to them, almost all boys like them very much. Boys with imagination prefer the poems; those with a logical mind, the "Speech." Last year I assigned for memory work any passages of twelve lines each in "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Comus." Practically nine boys out of ten learned twenty lines or more from each poem, and one boy memorized all of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," and between sixty and seventy lines of "Comus." They liked the poems, especially the two shorter ones. All of which goes to prove that boys do not necessarily hate poetry, and leads to the other experiment I wish to write of here.

To prepare for the restricted examination there is so much work assigned that we have practically no time allowed to ask boys to do such things as to write original verse. However, I care for poetry, and poetry in relation to life, so much that I am not content merely to keep to the prescribed list. All the time I am attempting to lead the boys' thoughts into life, and at all times I am holding to the tried and proved, and seeking to add the new. This past year, led by certain results I had gained beforehand, I experimented in one direction in earnest. I wished to see what fruit we were obtaining from the two anthologies of British verse we use in our lower forms, and to see how far a liking for verse would carry boys. One day I copied on the board before class Gilder's exquisitely beautiful sonnet "The Sonnet." At the opening of each of my recitations I read the sonnet with comment on its author, form, and content. It took about two minutes in each of my four classes. After that the regular recitation proceeded as usual. I noticed, however, that two or three boys copied the sonnet while the recitation was going on. I said nothing; neither did they.

The next recitation there was Oppenheim's "The Slave," the next Kilmer's "Trees," then Carolyn Wells's "The Spelling Lesson"—I was running the gamut of variety to reach all types. At least one boy copied the poem of the day in every case. As I was embarked on a voyage of adventure and discovery, I continued to experiment all the time. I tried all sorts—Emily Dickinson's "A Prairie," Knowles's "A Thanksgiving," Father Tabb's "Influence," Newboldt's "Messmates," Hovey's "The Sea Gypsy," and so on and so on. And in every case at least one boy copied the poem. I expected the boys to enjoy the beauty of Fred Knowles's "On a Fly-leaf of Burns's Poetry," or Thompson's "Gifts," but I questioned what the response would be to Alice Meynell's "The Lady of the Lambs;" for my boys are no goody-goodies, but simply wholesome American boys. To my surprise, when I read her poem in each of my sections, a silence fell of such a sort as comes only when every boy is held. One fellow, as I finished reading, exclaimed: "Not much like the modern girl!" I noticed that many boys copied the poem.

I selected my poems, not merely from various volumes of poetry, but also from clippings I have gathered through many years from friends, and from current magazines and newspapers. "The Liar," for example, written on the board on the day it appeared in the New York "Times," made a hit. Soon I found that boys from my own sections and also from those of other masters' were making collections of verse too. They also wished to look over my collections and to copy what they liked. Boys have spent a whole afternoon in my study reading and copying. Others were sending the verses home. One boy knew that dad would chuckle over a bit of verse on golf. I found that I was being asked, "I did not think the poem in the 'Times' yesterday very good; did you?" Boys began to bring to me verse that had appealed to them. Some very good verse they brought. I was almost always glad, if it was not too long, to copy it on the board, or, at any rate, to read it to the class. Naturally, all this led to many a talk about verse and poetry.

Don't tell me that boys don't like poetry; most of them do. Give them a chance, and you'll find the truth of my statement. And often the love is where you least expect it. Three years ago I received a letter from a boy who had been a member of my house for three years and had then gone to college. He had been in the English class of one of my associates. It was a homesick letter from a boy in entirely new surroundings. In it he wrote:

"Among some of the things that come back to me are some of the poems in the 'British Verse.' They are so fastened in my mind that they, like L——, can never be forgotten. I would like it very much if you would have the —— Company send me one of those books C. O. D. It is a book I do not feel I can do without, and do not want to try to."

When he had first appeared at school, he had seemed simply a rough, uncouth fellow, absolutely undisciplined, and far below the ordinary boy in ability and capacity. Realizing, however, that he was greatly handicapped, he had plugged and plugged, and had become more amenable to discipline. By the time he left school he was entering into his own, but I had never dreamed of his

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love for poetry. I am persuaded that there are countless boys who in the drill of every-day recitations, when a teacher shows that he loves poetry, are obtaining, perhaps unconsciously, that glimpse of the glory of English poetry that makes for truer, finer living in the sight of God and man.

THE NEW BOOKS

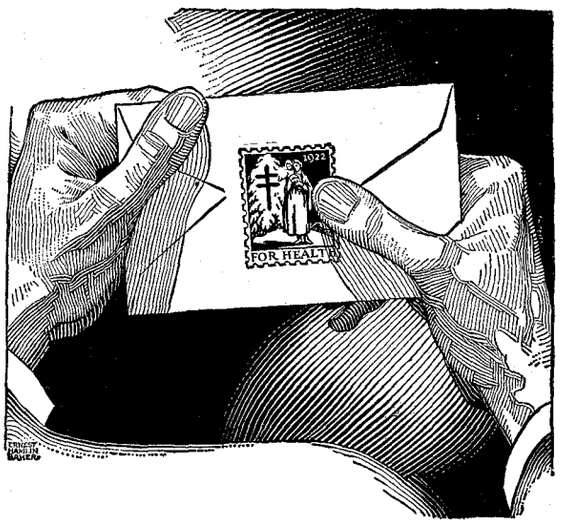
SPORT

FOOTBALL AND HOW TO WATCH IT. By Percy Duncan Haughton. Illustrated. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston. $3.

If football were as simple a thing to explain as squads right, we should need no Percy Haughton to compile an illustrated and animated imitation of the Infantry Drill Regulations, which would begin at the beginning with a photograph of a football and continue till all had been said that might be said. The fact is that football is far too complex to be explained for the average spectator in one volume. Moreover, Mr. Haughton realizes that many of his readers will fall in that class of spectator which watches the game "in blissful ignorance of the simplest rudiments;" which leads us to wonder why the author did not follow the Infantry Drill method long enough to begin nearer the beginning. Surely among the blissfully ignorant will be some who, if they appreciate the object of the game, are not able to tell a quarterback from a tackle. On the whole, however, the author wisely keeps in mind his readers' capabilities while introducing them to some of the finer points that distinguish good football from bad. He never becomes so technical as to become involved.

Mr. Haughton's course of instruction includes, besides the chapters we might expect on attack and defense, several that touch on the historical, medical, mental, and moral aspects of the game. The more one knows, the more one will see, seems to be his guiding principle. All this information is tied up in a neat bundle ready to take home, in Chapter IX, wherein Mr. Haughton himself goes to a football game and describes what he sees. The public should congratulate itself that the author has such a wholesome fear of boring his readers with cold facts, for his book is brightened by an easy, straightforward manner, by a congenial acquaintanceship with human nature, and by a remarkable array of photographs from a collection used at Harvard for coaching purposes. Mr. Haughton will accomplish his first object, which was to add materially to the enjoyment of those who like to watch football.

He will perhaps accomplish a second object. Football, like other sports, has suffered from too zealous sport writers (a fact for which Heywood Broun half apologizes in his hearty Introduction). The spectacular and the physical have been over-emphasized. By placing emphatically the mental before the physical, by seeing the fifty-yard run only as the accomplishment of eleven men, by his sanity and good faith plus an expert knowledge and unusual love for the



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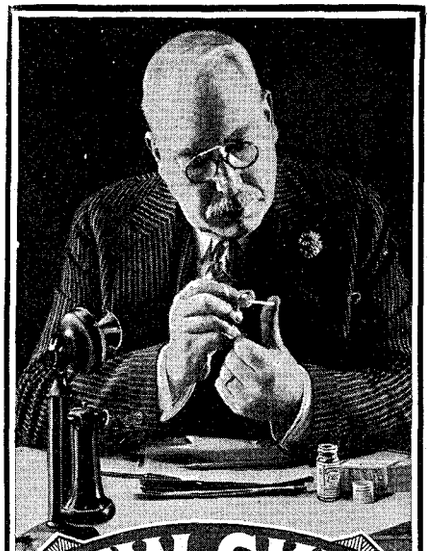

For Cuts
Scratches, and Scrapes

Every break in the skin is a possible source of infection. Take no chances. Use New-Skin at once.

This antiseptic liquid forms a coating over the wound, and protects the newly-forming tissues. It's the modern, sanitary dressing.

15c. and 30c. *At all Druggists*

NEWSKIN COMPANY
NEW YORK TORONTO LONDON

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

The very best THIN SKINNED
INDIAN RIVER ORANGES and GRAPEFRUIT

The finest in the State, will be shipped direct from the trees, after they get fully ripe, in quantities to suit family needs.

Special Christmas Boxes

Details sent on request.

VICTORIA CITRUS GROVES CO.
Cocoa, Indian River, Fla.

ASTHMA

The assurance of comfortable repose appeals to every sufferer from asthma.

The popularity of Vapo-Cresolene is due to—

Continuous treatment while the patient enjoys undisturbed rest.

Avoidance of internal medication.

Prompt relief. Unquestionable merit.

Vapo-Cresolene Est. 1879 *"Used While You Sleep"*

The household remedy for bronchial troubles

Sold by druggists

Send for descriptive booklet 31B

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt Street, New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

THE BOOK TABLE (*Continued*)

game, Mr. Haughton has made a notable contribution towards restoring a proper balance between football and the public. We agree with him that the sport is distinctly worth while; and we should like to see it remain so.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

GARDEN COLOR. By Mrs. C. W. Earle and Others. Illustrated by Margaret Warfield. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

This beautiful book was first published some fifteen years ago and thoroughly deserves republication. The four chapters not only furnish information for lovers of carefully planned gardens but show affectionate interest and love for the flower world. The color sketches by Margaret Warfield are charming; especially is this true of those which set forth the brilliant and rich colors of the autumn garden.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALICE MORSE EARLE BOOKS (THE). The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50 each.

We are glad to note the republication in uniform edition of the readable and curiously interesting volumes by Alice Morse Earle and to know that there is evidently a steady demand among readers for them. The list includes "Old Time Gardens," "Home Life in Colonial Days," "Child Life in Colonial Days," "Sun Dials and Roses of Yesterday," and "Curious Punishments of Bygone Days," and we believe that what is to many the most entertaining of the whole series, namely, "Stage Coach and Tavern Days," has been, or will be, included in the set. Mrs. Earle has remarkable zest and skill in collecting queer or romantic material about such subjects as those indicated by the titles. She is fortunate enough also to have her books adequately and pleasantly illustrated.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

ANDY BLAKE IN ADVERTISING. By Edward Edson Lee. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.75.

ANNE THORNTON WETAMOO. By Lotta Rowe Anthony. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. $1.50.

BEAUTIFUL JOE. By Marshall Saunders. Illustrated. The Judson Press, Philadelphia. $1.50.

DANCING FAKIR (THE), AND OTHER STORIES. By John Eyton. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.

DRIVER (THE). By Garet Garrett. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

COMPANIONABLE BOOKS. By Henry van Dyke. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

SHOUTS AND MURMURS. By Alexander Woollcott. The Century Company, New York. $2.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

RUSSIAN IMMIGRANT (THE). By Jerome Davis. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ALONE. By Norman Douglas. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $3.

CHARM OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM (THE). By James Reid Marsh. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

MAN AND THE COSMOS. By Joseph Alexander Leighton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $4.50.

EDUCATIONAL

EDUCATION ON THE DALTON PLAN. By Helen Parkhurst. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

SCIENCE

WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY. By A. Frederick Collins. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.60.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

RICHARD BARRY is a newspaper man who was war correspondent for "Collier's Weekly," "Century Magazine," and "Westminster Gazette" during the Russo-Japanese War, and correspondent with the Atlantic Fleet in the cruise around the world in 1908. He has been in newspaper work in Milwaukee, New York, and California, and is at present on the staff of the New York "Times" Sunday Magazine. He has numerous books to his credit, among them "The Fruit of the Desert," "Petroleum Prince," and "The Bauble."

HENRY VAN DYKE has a record of accomplishments too varied and too lengthy to begin to enumerate here. Angler, author, pastor, lecturer, ex-Minister to the Netherlands from the United States, Commander of the Legion of Honor, and Professor of English Literature at Princeton University—these are some of the titles and occupations to which he can lay claim.

ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE and CHARLES HODGES undertake the task of discussing the situation in Tsingtau. Miss Scidmore is a much-traveled lady, with an eye that sees keenly and a pen that writes vividly. She is the foreign secretary of the National Geographic Society and the author of several books. Mr. Hodges was out in the Far East during the latter part of the Great War, making an investigation of the political and business conditions underlying world politics. In the course of this work he examined the circumstances surrounding the Japanese occupation of Shantung, discussing the situation with Chinese, foreign, and Japanese residents along the railway and in the leasehold of Tsingtau. Part of this work was of a semi-official character for the United States Government.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS is a poet who has just moved from California to New York. Some of his poems have previously appeared in The Outlook.

EDWARD CORSI, the educational director of the Haarlem Community House, contributes an article on the leader of the Fascisti, Benito Mussolini, with whom he is personally acquainted. Mr. Corsi has just returned from a three months' study of political conditions in Italy, where he was special correspondent for "La Follia," the leading Italian weekly in this country.

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THE MAGIC OF MODERN BUSINESS

WE live in the age of the machine. Practically every article that the hand touches or the eye rests upon is the product of a machine. Our food, our clothing, and the materials from which our homes are built are all put into consumable form by machinery. And now we are employing machines to run our business offices for us—human fingers and brains are being replaced by metal keys and whirling wheels and levers.

Picture the counting-room of Charles Dickens's day, with its ancient gray-haired bookkeeper, perched on a high stool, laboriously making entries in a huge dog-eared ledger with a quill pen. Picture him again adding up long columns of figures over and over to arrive finally at the correct result. Once again, picture the junior apprentice busily transcribing copies of the office correspondence into an antiquated letter-press which gradually grew fat and unwieldy with old age. The efficient office manager of to-day smiles at these visions of a bygone business age and asks how anything was ever accomplished under such conditions. Modern business demands speed and accuracy. The development of business machines has not only met, but has anticipated, these demands and has completely revolutionized accounting and office management.

The recent Business Show held in New York City offered a most interesting demonstration of these new methods. The casual visitor at this show was visibly impressed with the magic of modern business and the speed and accuracy with which the old laborious tasks are now performed. The invention of the typewriter was acclaimed as a tremendous step forward in the handling of correspondence and business records. But we now have machines that are a whole bookkeeping staff in themselves. The latest accounting machines now manufactured by the leading typewriter companies actually perform all kinds of bookkeeping operations. They make the necessary entries and by the necessary addition and subtraction which they perform the books can be kept in proper balance at all times with the least possibility of error. The latest calculating machines not only add and subtract, but can also be used for the purpose of multiplication and division with a little practice. Thus the fallibility of the human brain in calculation is supplanted by the infallibility of the machine.

The portable style of typewriter has become very popular because of the convenience with which it can be carried from place to place. It is widely used by writers and newspaper men as well as business men who travel and who can thus carry their typewriter with them.

In offices where letters are mailed in large quantity speed in addressing is desirable. To meet this requirement an automatic feeder has been devised which feeds the envelopes into the typewriter as fast as the actual addresses can be written. When the letters are ready for mailing, we have the latest folding and mailing machines ready to do their part of the job. The folding machine, as the name indicates, folds the letters or circulars to the proper size to fit the envelopes at a very rapid rate. They are then fed into the mailing machine, which seals the envelopes and affixes the stamps.

Where a Government mailing permit is used, the proper permit is stamped on the envelope and the number of envelopes thus stamped is recorded on an automatic register. The register is then removed from the machine and taken to the post office after an allotted number of letters have been stamped, where the proper record for mailing is checked against the daily mailing statements.

In connection with the preparation of circulars of all kinds, we might mention the various duplicating and printing machines which print and fold circulars of all the usual sizes and are in effect small printing plants in themselves. The latest machines of this type can even handle color printing with very effective results. The use of addressing machines with properly kept stencils expedites the addressing operation and is the best method of keeping a thoroughly up-to-date mailing list.

The use of cash registers in retail stores is now too familiar to require particular comment. They offer the very best possible means for the retailer to keep an accurate check on his daily sales and on his cash. The cash register has a wide variety of uses in proper retail accounting. Change-making ma-

W. L. DOUGLAS
$5 $6 $7 & $8 SHOES FOR MEN and WOMEN
W. L. Douglas shoes are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world
BECAUSE W. L. Douglas has been making surpassingly good shoes for forty-six years. This experience of nearly half a century in making shoes suitable for Men and Women in all walks of life should mean something to you when you need shoes and are looking for the best shoe values for your money.
W. L. DOUGLAS shoes in style, quality, material and workmanship are better than ever before; only by examining them can you appreciate their superior qualities.
No Matter Where You Live
shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. If not convenient to call at one of our 110 stores in the large cities, ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. Protection against unreasonable profits is guaranteed by the name and price stamped on the sole of every pair before the shoes leave the factory. Refuse substitutes. The prices are the same everywhere.
If not for sale in your vicinity, write for catalog.
TO MERCHANTS: If no dealer in your town handles W. L. Douglas shoes, write today for exclusive rights to handle this quick selling, quick turn-over line.
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President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.
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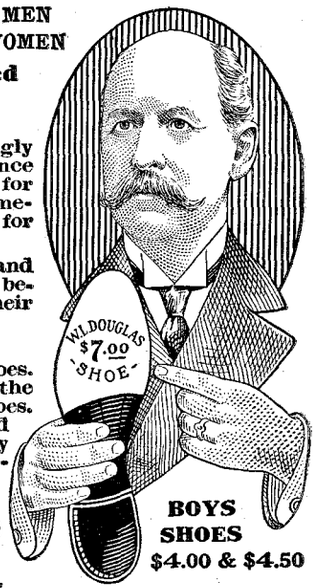


BOYS SHOES
$4.00 & $4.50

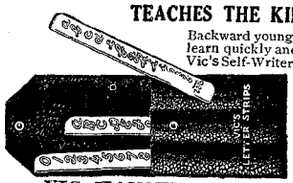
SLEEP ON A GENUINE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAIN BALSAM PINE PILLOW
Soothing, Refreshing, Invigorating
"NATURE'S RICHEST AROMA." IT LASTS FOR YEARS
SIZE [16" x 11"] $1.35
PINE PILLOW CO. DEPT. O INWOOD STATION, N. Y.

TEACHERS' AGENCIES
The Pratt Teachers Agency
70 Fifth Avenue, New York
Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools. Advises parents about schools. Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.

TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR NURSES
St. John's Riverside Hospital Training School for Nurses
YONKERS, NEW YORK
Registered in New York State, offers a 2½ years' course—as general training to refined, educated women. Requirements one year high school or its equivalent. Apply to the Directress of Nurses, Yonkers, New York.

How to Start Easily Below Zero
Summer heat in winter manifolds
Don't waste valuable minutes and fatigue your battery fussing with a stiff engine because the
POMEROY PATENTED ELECTRIC GASAFIER
is guaranteed to start any make of car as easily on the coldest morning as in mid-summer, and is also guaranteed to last as long as the car.
Easily installed in 30 minutes between the carburetor and intake manifold. No parts removed. It will start your car in winter, and in summer will banish costly battery abuses, intensify gasoline, properly break the gas and increase mileage. Price complete only $5. If not at your dealer's, order direct. Literature Free.

Pomeroy Electric Co., Inc., Mfrs. Prime
50 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y. with heat

TEACHES THE KIDDIE TO WRITE


Backward youngsters or illiterate adults learn quickly and have fun doing it with Vic's Self-Writer. Aluminum strips having the letters indented, and the child learns by tracing indentation with pencil. Price with neat case and tablet $1. Try 5 days and if not delighted, money will be refunded.
VIC. HANSEN, WALLACE, IDAHO
Order six sets today for Christmas gifts only $5.10.

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Tours and Travel

Educational Tours to EUROPE, Summer 1923. Organizer of small party will be given free trip to Europe. Educational Tours, 160 E. College St., Oberlin, O.

EUROPE BECKONS
WE can make your travel EASY
OUR TOURS
include Rome, Switzerland, Netherlands, France and British Isles. Sailing June 27. Twelfth Season.
ROOMS WITH PRIVATE BATH
on the steamer for those enrolling early.
HIGH GRADE TOURS at a very MODERATE PRICE. Write for an Illustrated Itinerary to
WORTHWHILE TOURS
17 Aldworth St., Boston 30, Mass.

FREE TRIP TO EUROPE will be given an organizer of a small party. Established 1900. BABCOCK'S TOURS. 13 Halsey St., Brooklyn.

EGYPT
and Mediterranean Lands
Nile Cruise to **Second Cataract** in private steamer. **Long Tour** sails **January 6** by **ADRIATIC.**
Also
Later sailings and shorter tours.
Write for information to
BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
15 Boyd Street, Newton, Mass.

Winter Tour to the Mediterranean
Small private party with experienced leader. January to April. Egypt, Algiers, Tunis, Spain and France. HELEN G. SMITH, care Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall St., New York.

EGYPT, GREECE, and PALESTINE, small private party sailing in February. Also **IDEAL SUMMER TOUR of EUROPE.** RESER European Tours, 171 S. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Egypt, Palestine
Large steamers throughout. Small groups, personally conducted.
Sailings Jan. 17, $2125—Feb. 10, $1870—Feb. 24, $1335.
EUROPE 1923
Limited parties enrolling now.
TEMPLE TOURS 65-A Franklin St. Boston, Mass.

A Winter Tour Sailing Jan. 6, 1923
Egypt and the Holy Land; optional extension Around the World, or tour through Europe.
Miss KATHERINE A. PANTLIND
110 Morningside Drive, New York City.

FOREIGN TRAVEL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
January 17—June 29
Harmonizes travel and study. Rome, Florence, Paris, London, Edinburgh. References required. Price includes travel, chaperonage, instruction in language, literature, art, music and history. Write for prospectus to
Miss HELEN UFFORD, Director,
Park Avenue Hotel, cor. Park Ave. and 32d St., New York City, or to
Mr. L. V. ARNOLD, Sec'y and Treas.,
350 Madison Ave., Suite 1306, New York City.

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to
JAPAN
The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to
JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information
Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5-6 in cities and popular resorts, $4-5 in the country

Europe Summer 1923 Superb Routes. Experienced leadership. Limited number. For details write Robert H. Browning, 117 Elm St., Oberlin, O.

Property Wanted

Wanted to Rent—Cabin or camp, not isolated, for man and sister; man alcoholic. Outdoor life, hunting. Reasonable rent. 8,347, Outlook.

Hotels and Resorts

BERMUDA

The Ideal Winter Resort
PRINCESS HOTEL BERMUDA
Directly on the Harbor. Accommodates 400.
Open Dec. 15 to May 1.
Grill room. Tiled swimming pool, golf, tennis, yachting, sea bathing, etc.
Direction of L. A. TWOROGER CO.
Reached by Steamers Furness Bermuda Line and Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

CALIFORNIA

San Ysidro Ranch
Furnished bungalows of various sizes; situated on the foothills among the orange groves, overlooking the sea. Central dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold water. Good *tennis court.* Six *miles from* Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean. Booklet. Address MANAGER, San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara.

MASSACHUSETTS

Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. $15-$25 a week.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Hargrave
West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York
300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for *illustrated booklet* J.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

NORTH CAROLINA

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
Sunshine and the pines, good fellowship, true sport.
CAROLINA HOTEL
Now Open
Holly Inn and Berkshire
Open early in January
GOLF—SHOOTING—RACING—MOTORING—RIDING—DRIVING—TENNIS—AIRPLANING
Weather for November and December—like late Fall in New England
For Reservations or Information address:
General Office, PINEHURST, North Carolina

PENNSYLVANIA

Towanda, Pa., Woodleigh. Winter accommodations. Positively well heated. Steam, electricity, bathrooms, sun parlors, open wood fires, good cooking, abundance of cream, good milk, fresh eggs, vegetables, fruits. Booklet. Moderate terms. Address Miss ELIZABETH LAMB.

SOUTH CAROLINA

EARLY GOLF and HUNTING
PINE FOREST INN and COTTAGES
Summerville, S. C.
22 miles from Historical Charleston
Open January 1st
Special January Tournaments
The most delightful month for golfers. No snow—only sunshine and flowers. Superb 18-hole golf course. Tennis, saddle and carriage horses. Cuisine and service on par with the best metropolitan hotels. Quail, Wild-Turkey, Fox and Deer hunting.
W. A. SENNA, Manager
Address until Dec. 15—Plymouth Inn, Northampton, Mass.

Health Resorts

VAN VALEN SANATORIUM
YONKERS, N. Y.
Psycho-Therapeutic Treatment. Booklet.

Real Estate

FLORIDA

FOR SALE or RENT Completely furnished modern 8-room house, garage, dock, boathouse, sleeping-porches (3-room cottage for help, now rented), 2¼ acres, 112 ft. frontage on *Indian River.* Will sell about half cost, rent $600 season. BLAIR, Cocoa, Fla., Box M.

FURNISHED HOME nine rooms, on shore Lake Kersey. Other buildings, 300 large bearing orange and grapefruit trees; one mile to beautiful town San Antonio; college for boys, academy for girls; on hard road to Tampa. Bargain for quick sale. A. B. ROGERS, San Antonio, Florida.

BOARD AND ROOMS

GENTLEMAN seeks home in private family. 3,062, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SAFE 8% FIRST MORTGAGE INCOME CERTIFICATES additionally secured, tax exempted, quarterly payments. Permanent or reconvertible. Ask circulars. Home Building & Loan Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

CHRISTMAS *stocking boxes.* Send $1.00 for ten toys for your child's stocking. Santa Claus Wonder Balls of ten miniature toys, $1.25. Two styles—boys and girls. The *Kindermart, 1613 Linden Ave., Baltimore, Md.*

WHIFF from the Maine woods. Creton covered real fir balsam pillow, size 12″ x 16″, $1 by parcel post. Also handsome long-haired Angora kittens. Mrs. Wallace Weston, Madison, Me.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

SECRETARIES and social workers, dietitians, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side. Boston Office, Trinity Court, Fridays, 11 to 1. Address Providence.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

GREETING CARDS

COPLEY CRAFT HAND-COLORED CHRISTMAS CARDS will be sent on ten days' approval. The Line is best known for its distinctive verses. Jessie A. McNicol, 18 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

UNIQUE Christmas cards, ten and fifteen cents. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

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UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

OLD Hampshire bond; 100 sheets (6¾x7) and 75 envelopes, printed, $2 *delivered.* Franklin Printery, Warner, N. H.

150 letter sheets and 100 envelopes, $1. Samples on request. Burnett Print Shop, Box 145, Ashland, O.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Room 5842, Washington, D. C.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Refined and cultured young woman to act as mother's helper and assist in care and training of four small children. Ridgewood, N. J. 3,018, Outlook.

WANTED, at once, in high-class girls' boarding-school, lady of refinement to fill the position of housemother. Preferably one with some training in osteopathy. Must be qualified to care for the health and welfare of sixty girls. Salary $80 per month and home. School year October to June. Connecticut. 3,037, Outlook.

WANTED—A middle-aged woman to assist in management of private home in Pittsburgh. 3,041, Outlook.

WORKING-housekeeper, family of five. All conveniences, pleasant room. Man to do heavy work. Good cooking necessary. 3,044, Outlook.

WANTED — Educated, unmarried young woman, not nurse or matron, to entertain and shop for women patients at private hospital for mild mental and nervous diseases. State age, education, experience, and references. Wages fifty dollars monthly and maintenance. 3,063, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TWO young women, perfect health. One as governess two children aged four and five, other as nurse two children six months and *two years.* Country home, suburbs. Address P. O. Box 822, Reading, Pa.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED, as councilor in a girls' car woman of wide and successful experie with girls, preferably in camp work. To *right* person an opportunity of acquiring interest in well-established and success camp may be offered later. Replies must g full details of qualifications, training, a experience. 3,060, Outlook.

WANTED—Governess in country ho Protestant, experienced elementary gr teacher, French speaking, music and physi training. 3,056, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

TRAINED nurse wishes position as c panion. Willing to travel. 3,046, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED nurse, pleasing perso ity, Protestant, desires position as nu companion, or chaperon girls. Best re ences. 3,022, Outlook.

Business Situations

YOUNG man with a wide and varied ex rience in child welfare work, recently su intendent of an orphanage, desires execut or sub-executive position. Conversant French, Italian, and German. Capable gr s hool teacher. Best of references. 3, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED librarian wants tem rary work; not necessarily in a library, *where library training counts.* 3,039, Outlo

SECRETARY—Young lady with excell references desires social or business positi Preferably part time. Address Apartm 206, 47 Union St., Montclair, N. J. Ph Montclair 7296.

Companions and Domestic Helpe

PRACTICAL, English infant nurse, l experienced, desires position in vicinity Paterson, N. J. Excellent references. 3, Outlook.

COMPANION or teaching governess, P estant. Excellent advantages. Experienc Best references. Miss Moyer, Grassy Cre N. C.

REFINED woman desires position, gen man's home, managing or companion ho keeper; good reader, sewer, shopper. Ex rienced. 3,004, Outlook.

LADY (English), graduate nurse, desi position of responsibility. Companion, s retary, housekeeper, or care of home a children. Experienced. References. 3, Outlook.

POSITION as companion to lady go South by refined middle-aged woman. P sonal care if not invalid. Mrs. Edna Keys Smithboro, N. Y.

REFINED middle-aged widow, manag *housekeeper or companion. Would trav* 3,045, Outlook.

WOMAN who has had training in insti tional management and several years' ex rience as manager of college dining room a as housekeeper in boys' school would l position in school or institution in New E land. 3,050, Outlook.

ATTENDANT and personal maid—Lady refinement would like position as perso attendant. Beauty culture graduate. Un *cumbered; willing to travel.* Address M V. I. Steves, 271 St. James Pl., Brooklyn, N.

INTELLIGENT, responsible woman wis to go Florida. Any capacity. 3,051, Outlo

COMPANION to lady, by intelligent, fined, cultured woman. Middle aged; P estant. 3,055, Outlook.

COMPANION, highly recommended, sires position. State salary. 3,054, Outlook

LADY accustomed to reading aloud desi engagement by the hour to read to invalid *blind person. References furnished and* quired. 3,058, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

POSITION wanted where co-operation care and training of children is needed. K dergarten and primary home experien 3,047, Outlook.

TEACHING governess-companion desi position January 1. Specialty, music. Ref ences. 3,048, Outlook.

TUTOR (English, wife American) rece one or two boys for very special care i their home. Limit five. Highest referen bear strictest investigation. English. Fren Latin, mathematics, etc. Fine gymnasiu Outdoor sports. Happy home atmosphe 3,052, Outlook.

GOVERNESS-teacher, good linguist; ba ward children thoroughly trained. St salary. 3,053, Outlook.

FRENCH lady teacher desires positi Excellent references. 3,059, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED EXECUTIVE and tea er, university graduate, desires public sch or college position. Now in business. B references. 3,061, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in t care of obstetrical patients a very thorou nurses' aid course of six months is offered the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., N York. Monthly allowance and full main nance is furnished. For further informat address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, v *shop* for you, services free. No sampl References. 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell T Outlook each week. No investment necessa Write for *selling plan, Carrier Departme* The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Av New York City.

WANTED—Defective people to boa Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

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Putting a High-Power Publicity Machine To Work for You

IT may never have occurred to you that the publicity machinery of The Outlook can perform valuable personal services for you.

ONLY TEN CENTS A WORD

For only ten cents a word you can advertise your wants in the Classified Department of The Outlook. The favorable results may surprise you as they have surprised many other users of this effective service.

We recently published an announcement headed "Have you a Rare Book, a Carved Chest, or a Personal Talent to Sell?" and that announcement led many of our subscribers to use the Department of Classified Advertising for the first time.

Another announcement entitled "Inquiries at 7 Cents Each" led many others to the door of opportunity.

The present announcement will lead still others to profit by the machinery of this department.

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SELL?

Other advertisements urge you to buy. But this one invites you to sell.

Those of you who have read The Outlook regularly for years without having made use of this classified advertising service have overlooked a practical opportunity of unusual possibilities.

If you are in need of a household helper, companion, nurse, governess, teacher, or business or professional assistant, you will probably find that a small advertisement in this department will bring prompt and gratifying results.

The steady growth of this department bears witness to its ability to get results.

Decide now what you need or what you want to sell, and then send us your advertisement before you forget about it.

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

THE MAGIC OF MODERN BUSINESS

(Continued)

chines are another very valuable aid where a large volume of daily cash sales necessitates the frequent changing of currency.

In plant management and cost accounting machines now have their place as well.

Automatic registers are employed in stockkeeping and perpetual inventory systems; cost systems, production control systems; planning, routine, and despatch systems; tool checks and tool inventory systems; and for keeping all forms of records in manufacturing plants.

Time recorders are used for making proper time studies in manufacturing operations. The starting time, stopping time, and actual elapsed time of an operation is thus checked for detailed study. The use of the ordinary time clock is familiar to every one. Time records are employed for many purposes, particularly in checking clerical and factory time work. Recording door locks are made which show the day, hour, and minute a door is opened or locked. Time machines can control all factory costs in the process of manufacturing.

We might describe many other new methods for simplifying and rendering more efficient the work of the business office. Manufacturers of office appliances have also developed the "service idea" to a high degree. They maintain staffs of experts who are prepared to study the equipment needs of a business and to then specify the particular machine in their line which will best accomplish the desired work. An investigation of present developments in business equipment will frequently result in tremendous savings in time, labor, and general all-round efficiency.

WANTED—CARTOONS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

THE OUTLOOK wants to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspapers. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost the dollar bills to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require.

The Outlook can also use good amateur photographs of interesting and timely scenes or events. We pay $3 for each one accepted, if suitable for a half page or smaller; $5 if selected for full-page reproduction. We especially want snapshots made by the person submitting the photographs. Postage should be inclosed for return of photographs if not available for our use.

Address The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOYS!

How to earn $25 Radio Set in spare time

GIRLS!

All you have to do to earn a complete **Aeriola, Jr.** Radio Receiving Set is to secure 25 yearly subscriptions to The Outlook. You will receive cash payment for each subscription that you obtain, even though the number may be less than 25, and the radio set, manufactured by Westinghouse, will be sent to you promptly with our compliments carriage prepaid, without any cost to you, as soon as the entire 25 subscriptions have been secured. Write to-day for full instructions, subscription blanks, and complete description of the radio set.

RADIO DEPARTMENT

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

381 Fourth Avenue,

New York City

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"When the stormy winds do blow"

So goes the old sea song, and it would be good advice to add

DRINK

Baker's Cocoa

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

It is warming and sustaining, for it has genuine food value, and may be safely indulged in any hour of the day, for it is stimulating only in the sense that pure food is stimulating.

It is delicious too

MADE ONLY BY

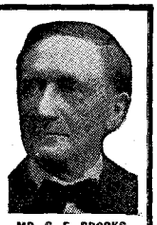
Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free

Sure Rupture Comfort



MR. C. E. BROOKS

BE COMFORTABLE—Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Never on sale in stores, as every Appliance is made to order, the proper size and shape of Air Cushion depending on the nature of each case. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 471J State St., Marshall, Mich.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—

BY THE WAY

In the "Stag Cook Book," which is described as "a man's cook book for men," several well-known personages tell how to cook their favorite dishes. President Harding, it seems, likes waffles better than almost anything else; Secretary Hughes says, "My favorite dish is corn bread and honey," and gives a recipe for the first-named delicacy; Charlie Chaplin likes steak and kidney pie and knows how it should be made; Dr. Frank Crane tells how to cook round steak so it will be as tender as fried chicken; Stewart Edward White confesses that a camp dish called "Mulligan" is exactly to his taste; Chick Evans likes tomato soup best if you cook it his way; Charles W. Eliot has a "favorite menu" consisting of clam soup, corned beef hash, and baked Indian pudding; Basil King likes lobster à la king (or King), but adds this curiously archaic note: "Unless brandy or sherry can be added it is useless to attempt this dish."

William J. Bryan contributes to the above list of recipes one for French-fried onions, saying that he has introduced the dish on dining cars and into many private homes; Will Irwin likes ham and eggs, and in his recipe says, "Cook the ham until it is cooked enough;" W. T. Benda tells of a Polish soup called "Barshck with Ushka;" Walter Prichard Eaton won't tell about his favorite dish because it is a family secret, but gives a recipe for mince pie; Montague Glass prefers bouillabaisse to anything else in the eating line, and takes two pages to tell how it should be made; Charles P. Steinmetz admits that he has never before been consulted about gastronomical matters, but says he likes meat loaf best and gives careful directions for making it; Judge Lindsey likes bran muffins and Otis Skinner "Artichokes, Mister Antonio" style, which he says enables you to "understand why an artichoke need not taste as flat as boiled hay."

Here is a variation on an old theme, as worked up by the "Annapolis Log:"

Peter Piper played a pot of poker,
A pretty pot of poker Peter Piper picked.
But a piker with a poker picked on Peter Piper,
And pocketed the poker-pot that Peter Piper picked!

The Sanford, Florida, "Herald" is credited with an announcement that must have been cheerful reading to the local undertaker at least. It is headed, "Looking Forward to a Pleasant Time Being Had by All:" "—— & Son have a new hearse and as far as hearses go it is a beauty, being finished in the very latest design of burnished silver called 'molten silver.' . . . —— & Son are well equipped to take care of all the funerals in this section of the country having two fine funeral cars with the prospects of the old car being turned into an ambulance. Like everything else on wheels hearses with the horses and other equipment have given way to the new motorized funeral cars and if one must ride in this car it will certainly be satisfactory."

"Two years ago," a writer in the "National Geographic Magazine" says, "the little seaport of La Paz, in Lower California, had more dollars per wagon-load of population, perhaps, than any other town in the western part of the world." La Paz, it seems, is one of the most important pearling ports in the world, and the price of pearls had climbed high. "In the crown jewels of the Emperor of the dissolved Austria-Hungary," the writer goes on, "there was—and no doubt the pearl specialists know where it is to-day—a great black pearl. That gem was found in the careless hands of an Indian baby playing on the beach at La Paz."

Among the few things that were left undestroyed in or near Smyrna after the entry of the Turks were the remains of the great aqueduct of Alexander, so called. These majestic ruins really date from the Roman occupation, and the massive piers and great arches (a triple arcade, like those of the Pont du Gard in France) are said to have the characteristics of the best work of the Imperial epoch. Great buttresses added to strengthen the arches are believed to be by the engineers of Marcus Aurelius.

Signs of improving industrial conditions are seen in the numerous labor agencies on the Bowery in New York City. One of these has a placard in its window calling for "Coal miners—Hungarians, Liths, Russ, Poles, Slavs, Spaniards." The spelling out of the first-named nationality instead of using the familiar abbreviation "Huns" is doubtless due to war-time memories. "Liths" of course stands for Lithuanians.

Salvage remuneration to the owners, officers, and crew of a rescuing vessel, amounting to $25,000 in all, as awarded by a Canadian Admiralty Court, was apportioned as follows: Owners, $17,000; captain, $1,500; first officer, $700; second officer, $550; chief engineer, $800; second engineer, $500; wireless operator, $500; divided among members of the crew, $3,500. The case got into the courts because the owners of the rescued vessel thought just one-half of these amounts was proper compensation for the service rendered.

In the new Senate, to convene next year, there will be two physicians—Dr. Copeland, of New York, and Dr. Ball, of Delaware. Senator Shipstead, of Minnesota, is a dentist by profession. Two college presidents are included in the Senate's personnel—Fess, of Ohio, and Ladd, of North Dakota. Senator Norbeck, of South Dakota, is described as a "well-digger." "In matters of grave public policy," the New York "Evening Post" remarks dryly, "he should have no difficulty in getting down to the bottom of things."

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